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LITERATURE.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

From Flowers of Ebor. By Thomas Crossly.

How calm thy sleep, my little one!
Gift of a hand divine!
Care has no wreath to place upon
That lily brow of thine:

Yet on thy cheek are tears of grief,
Like pearl-drops on a flower;
Frail emblems of thy sorrows brief
At evening's lonely hour.

Yet thou wilt wake to boundless glee
When dewy morn appears,
Nor e'er remember'd more will be
Thy bitter evening tears.

But what are these thy hopes which share?—
Thy feeble hands which fill?—
Thou'rt grasping with a miser's care
The little playthings still;

Come yield to me each useless toy,
Till morn's young beams shall peep;—
Nay, struggle not!—can'st thou enjoy
These trifles in thy sleep?

'Tis thus with man, whom old age brings
To life's declining vale,
He weeps at Time's stern call, and clings
To trifles just as frail!

A BARCAROLE.

By Miss Costello.

Haste, boatman, haste, there's not to-night,
Or mist or cloud we may discover,
The air is pure, the moon is bright,
Unmoor thy bark and row me over.
The nightingale at distance calls,
The willows wave amidst the gloaming,
Gay lights, like glow-worms gem those walls,
And yon fair lady waits thy coming.

Dost thou not hear her soft guitar,
And softer voice the echoes swelling?
Dost thou not mark yon guiding star,
Whose rays are beaming o'er her dwelling?
Haste, boatman, such a stream and shore,
And such a star to guide a lover,
Should give new vigour to thine oar,
Then speed thy bark and row me over!

HANDY ANDY.—NO. III.

Squire Egan was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horse-whip for chastising the fancied impertinence of Murtough Murphy; and as he switched it up and down with a powerful arm, to try its weight and pliancy, the whistling of the instrument through the air was music to his ears, and whispered of promised joy in the flagellation of the jocular attorney.

"We'll see who can make the sorest blister," said the squire. "I'll back whalebone against Spanish flies any day. Will you bet, Dick?" said he to his brother-in-law, who was a wild helter-skelter sort of fellow, better known over the country as Dick the Devil than Dick Dawson.

"I'll back your bet, Ned."

"There's no fun in that, Dick, as there is nobody to take it up."

"Maybe Murtough will. Ask him before you thrash him; you'd better."

"As for *him*," said the squire, "I'll be bound he'll back my bet after he gets a taste o' this;" and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

"I think he had better take care of his back than his bet," said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall-door, where his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening into futurity, all from his sowing.

"Don't kill him quite, Ned," said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

"Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip at him; but an attorney is another affair. And, as I'm sure he'll have an action against me for an assault, I think I may as well get the worth o' my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers." With these words, off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but, as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

"I'll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth," thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, "You little insignificant blackguard, I'll teach you how you'll cut your jokes on *me* again; *I'll* blister *you*, my buck!" and laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horsewhipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire's grip, leaving the lappel of his coat in his possession; and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

"Let me at him, sir; or by——"

"Fie, fie, squire—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart-horse."

"A gentleman!—an attorney you mean."

"I say a gentleman, Squire Egan," cried Murtough fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and whalebone. "I'm a gentleman, sir, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honour in your hands, Mr. Durfy."

"Between his finger and thumb you mean, for there's not a handful of it," said the squire.

"Well, sir," replied Tom Durfy, "little or much, I'll take charge of it.—That's right, my cock," said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain, while he exclaimed "Satisfaction! satisfaction!"

"Very well," said the squire, "you name yourself as Mr. Murphy's friend!" added he to Durfy.

"The same, sir," said Tom. "Who do you name as yours?"

"I suppose you know one Dick the Divil."

"A very proper person, sir;—no better: I'll go to him directly."

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and, looking tenderly at him, cried "Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!"

"Bother!" said Tom.

"Ah, Squire Egan, don't be so bloodthirsty!"

"Fudge, woman!" said the squire.

"Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you."

"Divil a bit," said the squire.

"There, ma'am," said Murphy; "you see he'll make no apology."

"Apology!" said Durfy;—"apology for a horsewhipping, indeed!—Nothing but handling a horsewhip (which I wouldn't ask any gentleman to do), or a shot, can settle the matter.

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" said the widow.

"Ba! ba! ba!" shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. "Arrah, woman, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself. Go in there to the 'pothecary's, and get something under your nose to revive you; and let *us* mind *our* business."

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop wringing her hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window, and the demolition of his blue and red bottles, alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase which took place down the street, of the apothecary roaring "Murder!" followed by Squire O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and, notwithstanding all the appeals of his poor frightened wife, he left his bed, and rode to the village to "break every bone in M'Garry's skin." When he entered the shop, the pharmacopolist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, "Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you."

"Are you, you scoundrel!" said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter, which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying "Murder!" as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window-bottles *en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue-and-cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children, followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

"What the divil is all this about?" said Tom Durfy, laughing. "By the powers! I suppose there's something in the weather to produce all this fun,—though it's early in the year yet to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn't in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we're left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge after the hunt. I'll go to Dick the Divil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place."

"There's nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions," said the squire. "Dick is at my house, I can arrange time and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me."

"Very well," said Tom; "where is it to be?"

"Suppose we say the cross-roads half-way between this and Merryvale. There's very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols, and all that, ready in the meantime between this and four o'clock,—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner."

"Certainly, squire," said Tom Durfy; "we'll be there at four.—Till then, good morning, squire;" and he and his man walked off; Tom having left the widow under the care of the apothecary's boy, who was applying assafœtida and other sweet-smelling things to the alleviation of the faintness which the widow thought it proper and delicate to enact on the occasion.

The squire rode immediately homewards, and told Dick Dawson the piece of work that was before them.

"And so he'll have a shot at you instead of an action," said Dick. "Well, there's pluck in that; I wish he was more of a gentleman for your sake. It's dirty work shooting attorneys."

"But he's enough of a gentleman, Dick, to make it impossible for me to refuse him."

"Certainly, Ned," said Dick.

"'Do you know is he anything of a shot?'"

"Faith, he makes very pretty snipe-shooting; but I don't know if he has experience of the grass before breakfast."

"You must try and find out from any one on the ground; because, if the poor divil isn't a good shot, I wouldn't like to kill him; and I'll let him off easy—I'll give it to him in the pistol-arm, or so."

"Very well, Ned. Where are the flutes? I must look over them."

"Here," said the squire, producing a very handsome mahogany case of Rigby's best. Dick opened the case with the utmost care, and took up one of the pistols tenderly, handling it as delicately as if it were a young child or a lady's hand. He clicked the lock back and forwards a few times; and his ear not being satisfied at the music it produced, he said he should like to examine them. "At all events, they want a touch of oil."

"Well, keep them out of the misthriss's sight, Dick, for she might be alarmed."

"Divil a taste,' says Dick; "she's a Dawson, and there never was a Dawson yet that did not know that men must be men."

"That's true, Dick. I wouldn't mind so much if she wasn't in a delicate situation just now, when it couldn't be expected of the woman to be so stout; so go, like a good fellow, into your own room, and Andy will bring you anything you want."

Five minutes after Dick was engaged in cleaning the duelling-pistols, and Andy at his elbow, with his mouth wide open, wondering at the interior of the locks which Dick had just taken off.

"Oh, my heavens! but that's a quare thing, Misther Dick, sir," said Andy, going to take it up.

"Keep your fingers off it, you thief, do!" roared Dick, making a rap of the turnscrew at Andy's knuckles.

"Sure I'll save you the trouble o' rubbin' that, Misther Dick, if you let me; here's the shabby leather."

"I wouldn't let your clumsy fist near it, Andy, nor your *shabby* leather, you villain, for the world. Go get me some oil."

Andy went on his errand, and returned with a can of lamp-oil to Dick, who swore at him for his stupidity. "The divil fly away with you; you never do anything right; you bring me lamp oil for a pistol."

"Well, sure I thought lamp-oil was the right thing for burnin'."

"And who wants to burn it, you savage?"

"Aren't you goin' to fire it, sir?"

"Choke you, you vagabond!" said Dick, who could not resist laughing, nevertheless; "be off, and get me some sweet oil, but don't tell any one what it's for."

Andy retired, and Dick pursued his polishing of the locks. Why he used such a blundering fellow as Andy for a messenger might be wondered at, only that Dick was fond of fun, and Andy's mistakes were a particular source of amusement to him, and on all occasions when he could have Andy in his company he made him his attendant. When the sweet oil was produced, Dick looked about for a feather; but not finding one, desired Andy to fetch him a pen. Andy went on his errand, and returned, after some delay, with an ink-bottle.

"I brought you the ink, sir, but I can't find a pin."

"Confound your numskull! I didn't say a word about ink; I asked you for a pen."

"And what use would a pin be without ink, now I ax yourself, Misther Dick?"

"I'd knock your brains out if you had any, you *omadhaun!* Go along and get me a feather, and make haste."

Andy went off, and having obtained a feather, returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

"What's that for, Misther Dick, if you plaze?"

"To make it work smooth."

"And what's that thing you're grazin' now, sir?"

"That's the tumbler."

"O Lord a tumbler—what a quare name for it. I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch."

"That's the tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy."

"Thrue for you, sir.—And what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?"

"That's the cock."

"Oh dear, a cock!—Is there e'er a hin in it, sir?"

"No, nor a chicken either, though there *is* a feather."

"The one in your hand, sir, that you're grazin' it with?,'

"No: but this little thing—that is called the feather-spring."

"It's the feather, I suppose, makes it let fly."

"No doubt of it, Andy."

"Well, there's some sinse in that then; but who'd think of sitch a thing as a tumbler and a cock in a pistle! And what's that place that opens and shuts, sir?"

"The pan."

"Well, there's sinse in that name, too, bekaze there's fire in the thing; and it's as nath'ral to say pan to that as to a fryin'-pan—isn't it, Mister Dick?"

"Oh! there was a gunmaker lost in you, Andy," said Dick, as he screwed on the locks, which he had regulated to his mind, and began to examine the various departments of the pistol-case, to see that it was properly provided. He took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him for the name "o' *that* thing?"

"This is called the punch, Andy."

"So, there *is* the punch as well as the tumbler, sir?"

"Ay, and very strong punch it is, you see, Andy;" and Dick struck it with his little mahogony mallet, and cut his patches of leather.

"And what's that for, sir?—the leather, I mane."

"That's for putting round the ball."

"Is it for fear 'twould hurt him too much when you hot him?

"You're a queer customer, Andy," said Dick, smiling.

"And what weeshee little balls thim is, sir."

"They are always small for duelling-pistols."

"Oh, then *thim* is jewellin' pistles. Why, musha, Misther Dick, is it goin' to fight a jule you are?" said Andy, looking at him with earnestness.

"No, Andy,—but the master is; but don't say a word about it."

"Not a word for the world The masther goin' to fight!—God send him safe out iv it!—Amin. And who is he going to fight, Misther Dick?"

"Murphy the attorney, Andy."

"Oh, won't the masther disgrace himself by fightin' the 'torney?"

"How dare you say such a thing of your master?"

"I ax your pard'n, Misther Dick; but sure you know what I mane.—I hope he'll shoot him."

"Why, Andy, Murtough was always very good to you, and now you wish him to be shot."

"Sure, why wouldn't I rather have him kilt more than the masther?"

"But neither may be killed."

"Misther Dick," said Andy, lowering his voice, "wouldn't it be an illigant thing to put two balls into the pistle instid o' one, and give the masther a chance over the 'torney?"

"Oh, you murdherous villain!"

"Arrah, why shouldn't the masther have a chance over him? sure he has childer, and 'Torney Murphy has none."

"At that rate, Andy, I suppose you'd give the master a ball additional for every child he has, and that would make eight. So, you might as well give him a blunderbuss and slugs at once."

Dick locked the pistol-case, having made all right; and desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the domain, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case after them to the ground, where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them, and a great number of spectators were assembled; for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murtough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol-man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could.—"Slap at him, Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and, if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent him dwelling on his aim."

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground and mode of firing; and twelve paces having been marked, both the seconds opened their pistol-cases, and prepared to load. Andy was close to Dick all the time, kneeling beside the pistol-case, which lay on the sod; and as Dick turned round to settle some other point on which Tom Durfy questioned him, Andy thought he might snatch the opportunity of giving his master "the chance" he suggested to his second.—"Sure, if Misther Dick wouldn't like to do it, that's no raison I wouldn't," said Andy to himself; "and, by the powers! I'll pop in a ball *onknownst* to him." And, sure enough, Andy contrived, while the seconds were engaged with each other, to put a ball into each pistol before the barrel was loaded with powder, so that when Dick took up his pistols to load, a bullet lay between the powder and touch-hole. Now this must have been discovered by Dick had he been cool; but he and Tom Durfy had wrangled very much about the point they had been discussing, and Dick, at no time the quietest person in the world, was in such a rage, that the pistols were loaded by him without noticing Andy's ingenious interference, and he handed a harmless weapon to his brother-in-law when he placed him on his ground.

The word was given. Murtough, following his friend's advice, fired instantly: bang he went, while the squire returned but a flash in the pan. He turned a look of reproach upon Dick, who took the pistol silently from him, and handed him the other, having carefully looked to the priming, after the accident which happened to the first.

Durfy handed his man another pistol also; and before he left his side, said in a whisper, "Don't forget: have the first fire."

Again the word was given: Murphy blazed away a rapid and harmless shot; for his hurry was the squire's safety, while Andy's murderous intentions were his salvation.

"D——n the pistol!" said the squire, throwing it down in a rage. Dick took it up with manifest indignation, and d——d the powder.

"Your powder's damp, Ned."

"No, it's not," said the squire; "it's you who have bungled the loading."

"Me!" said Dick, with a look of mingled rage and astonishment; "*I* bungle the loading of pistols!—*I*, that have stepped more ground and arranged more affairs than any man in the country!—Arrah, be aisy, Ned!"

Tom Durfy now interfered, and said, for the present it was no matter, as, on the part of his friend, he begged to express himself satisfied.

"But it's very hard *we're* not to have a shot," said Dick, poking the touch-hole of the pistol with a pricker which he had just taken from the case which Andy was holding before him.

"Why, my dear Dick," said Durfy, "as Murphy has had two shots, and the

squire has not had the return of either, he declares he will not fire at him again; and, under these circumstances, I must take my man off the ground."

"Very well," said Dick, still poking the touch-hole, and examining the point of the pricker as he withdrew it.

"And now Murphy wants to know, since the affair is all over and his honour satisfied, what was your brother-in-law's motive in assaulting him this morning, for he himself cannot conceive a cause for it."

"Oh, be *aisy*, Tom."

"'Pon my soul, it's true."

"Why, he sent him a blister,—a regular apothecary's blister,—instead of some law-process, by way of a joke, and Ned wouldn't stand it."

Durfy held a moment's conversation with Murphy, who now advanced to the squire, and begged to assure him there must be some mistake in the business, for that he had never committed the impertinence of which he was accused.

"All I know is," said the squire, "that I got a blister, which my messenger said you gave him."

"By virture of my oath, squire, I never did it! I gave Andy an enclosure of the law-process."

"Then it's some mistake that vagabond has made," said the squire. "Come here, you, sir!" he shouted to Andy, who was trembling under the angry eye of Dick the Devil, who, having detected a bit of lead on the point of the picker, guessed in a moment Andy had been at work; and the unfortunate rascal had a misgiving that he had made some blunder, from the furious look of Dick.

"Why don't you come here when I call you!" said the squire.—Andy laid down the pistol-case, and sneaked up to the squire. "What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy gave you for me yesterday!"

"I brought it to your honour."

"No, you didn't," said Murphy. "You've made some mistake."

"Divil a mistake I made," answered Andy very stoutly. "I wint home the minit you gev it to me."

"Did you go home direct from my house to the squire's!"

"Yis, sir, I did: I wint direct home, and called at Mr. M'Garry's by the way for some physic for the childre."

"That's it!" said Murtough; "he changed my enclosure for a blister there; and if M'Garry has only had the luck to send the bit o' parchment to O'Grady, it will be the best joke I've heard this month of Sundays."

"He did! he did!" shouted Tom Durfy; "for don't you remember how O'Grady was after M'Garry this morning!"

"Sure enough," said Murtough, enjoying the double mistake. "By dad! Andy, you've made a mistake this time that I'll forgive you."

"By the powers o' war!" roared Dick the Devil, "I won't forgive him what he did now, though! What do you think?" said he, holding out the pistols, and growing crimson with rage; "may I never fire another shot if he hasn't crammed a brace of bullets down the pistols before I loaded them; so no wonder you burned prime, Ned."

There was a universal laugh at Dick's expense, whose pride at being considered the most accomplished regulator of the duello was well known.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! you're a pretty second!" was shouted by all.

Dick, stung by the laughter, and feeling keenly the ridiculous position in which he was placed, made a rush at Andy, who, seeing the storm brewing, had gradually sneaked away from the group, and, when he perceived the sudden movement of Dick the Devil, took to his heels, with Dick after him.

"Hurra!" cried Murphy: "a race—a race! I'll bet on Andy—five pounds on Andy!"

"Done!" said the squire; "I'll back Dick the Divil."

"Tare an' ouns!" roared Murphy; "how Andy runs! Fear's a fine spur."

"So is rage," said the squire. "Dick's hot-foot after him. Will you double he bet?"

"Done!" said Murphy.

The infection of betting caught the bystanders, and various gages were thrown down and taken up upon the speed of the runners, who were getting rapidly into the distance, flying over hedge and ditch with surprising velocity, but from the level nature of the ground, an extensive view could not be obtained; therefore, Tom Durfy, the steeple-chaser, cried "Mount, mount! or we'll lose the fun; into our saddles, and after them!"

Those who had steeds took the hint, and a numerous field of horsemen joined in the chase of Handy Andy and Dick the Devil, who still maintained great speed. The horsemen made for a neighboring hill, whence they could command a wider view; and the betting went on briskly, varying according to the vicissitudes of the race.

"Two to one on Dick—he's closing."

"Done!—Andy will wind him yet."

"Well done!—there's a leap! Hurra! Dick's down. Well done, Dick!—up again, and going."

"Mind the next quickset hedge—that's a rasper; it's a wide gripe, and the hedge is as thick as a wall—Andy'll stick in it. Mind him!—Well leap'd, by the powers!—Ha! he's sticking in the hedge—Dick'll catch him now.—No, by jingo! he has pushed his way through—there, he's going again at the other side. Ha! ha! ha! ha! look at him—he's in tatthers!—he has left half of his breeches in the hedge."

"Dick is over now.—Hurra!—he has lost the skirt of his coat—Andy is gaining on him.—Two to one on Andy!"

"Down he goes!" was shouted, as Andy's foot slipped in making a dash at another ditch, into which he went head over heels, and Dick followed fast, and disappeared after him.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Tom Durfy, and the horsemen put their spurs in the flanks of their steeds, and were soon up to the scene of action. There was Andy roaring murder, rolling over and over in the muddy bottom of a deep ditch, with Dick fastened on him, pummelling away most unmercifully, but not able to kill him altogether for want of breath.

The horsemen, in a universal *screech* of laughter, dismounted, and disengaged the unfortunate Andy from the fangs of Dick the Devil, who was dragged from out the ditch much more like a scavenger than a gentleman.

The moment Andy got loose, away he ran again, and never cried stop till he earthed himself under his mother's bed in the parent cabin.

The squire and Murtough Murphy shook hands, and parted friends in half an hour after they had met as foes; and even Dick contrived to forget his annoyance in an extra stoup of claret that day after dinner,—filling more than one bumper in drinking *confusion* to Handy Andy, which seemed a rather unnecessary malediction.—[*To be continued.*]

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT, C. B.—[*Continued from the last Albion.*]

CHAPTER III.

The discovery of the beautiful daughter of Mynheer Poots had made a strong impression upon Philip Vanderdecken, and now he had another excitement to combine with those which already overcharged his bosom. He arrived at his own house, went up stairs, and threw himself on the bed where he had previously laid down when awakened by Mynheer Poots. At first, he rehearsed in his mind the scene we have just described, painted in his imagination the portrait of the fair girl, her eyes, her expression, her silver voice, and the words which she had uttered; but her pleasing image was soon chased away by the recollection that his mother's corpse lay in the adjoining chamber, and that his father's secret was hidden in the room below.

The funeral was to take place the next morning, and Philip, who, since his meeting with the daughter of Mynheer Poots, appeared to himself not to feel so anxious for the immediate examination, resolved that he would not open the room until after the funeral. With this resolution he fell asleep, and exhausted with bodily and mental excitement, he did not wake until the next morning, when he was summoned by the priest to assist at the funeral rites. In an hour, all was over; the crowd dispersed, and Philip, returning to the cottage, bolted the door that he might not be interrupted, and felt happy that he was alone.

There is a feeling in our natures which will arise when we again find ourselves in the tenement where death has been, and all traces of it have been removed. It is a feeling of satisfaction and relief at having rid ourselves of the memento of mortality, the silent evidence of the futility of our pursuits and anticipations. We know that we must one day die, but we always wish to forget it. The continual remembrance would be too great a check to our mundane desires and wishes, and although we are told that we ever should have futurity in our thoughts, we find that life is not to be enjoyed if we are not permitted occasional forgetfulness. For who would plan what rarely he is permitted to execute, if each moment of the day he thought of death? We either hope that we may live longer than others, or we forget that we may not.

If this buoyant feeling had not been planted in our nature, how little would the world have been improved even from the deluge! Philip walked into the room where his mother had lain one short hour before, and unwittingly felt relief, for the reasons we have given: taking down the cabinet, he now recommenced his task; the back pannel was soon removed, and a secret drawer discovered; he drew it out, and it contained what he presumed to be the object of his search,—a large key with a slight coat of rust upon it, which came off upon its being handled. Under the key was a paper, the writing upon which was somewhat discoloured; it was in his mother's hand, and as follows:—

"It is now two nights since a horrible event took place which has induced me to close the lower chamber, and my brain is still bursting with terror. Should I never reveal what occurred before my death, still this key will be required, as the room will then be opened. When I rushed from it I hastened up stairs, and remained with my child that night; the next morning I summoned sufficient courage to go down, turn the key, and bring it up into my chamber. It is now closed till I close my eyes in death. No privation, no suffering, shall induce me to open it, although there is money in the iron cupboard under the beaufet farthest from the window sufficient for all my wants; that money will remain there for my child, to whom if I do not impart the fatal secret, he must be satisfied that it was one which it were better should be concealed,—one of great horror to induce me to take the steps which I now do. The keys of the cupboard and beaufets were, I think, lying on the table, or in my work-box, when I quitted the room. There is a letter on the table, at least I think so. It is sealed. Let not the seal be broken but by my son, and not by him unless he knows the secret. Let it be burnt by the priest,—for it is cursed;—and even should my son know all that I do, oh! let him pause,—let him reflect well before he breaks the seal, for 'twere better he should know NO MORE!"

"Not know more!" thought Philip, as his eyes were still fixed upon the paper. "Yes, but I must and will know more; so forgive me, dearest mother, if I use no time for reflection. It would be but time thrown away, when one is so resolved as I am."

Philip pressed his lips to his mother's signature, folded up the paper, and put it into his pocket; then, taking the key he proceeded down the stairs.

It was about noon when Philip descended to open the chamber; the sun shone bright, the sky was clear, and all was cheerful and joyous without. The front-door of the cottage being closed, prevented much light being thrown into the passage when Philip put the key into the lock of the long-closed door, and with some difficulty turned it round. To say that, when he pushed open the door, he felt no alarm, would not be correct; he did feel alarm, and his heart palpitated; but he felt more than was requisite of determination to conquer that alarm, and to conquer more, should more be created by what he should behold. He pushed open the door, but at first did not enter the room; he paused where he stood, for he felt as if he was about to intrude into the retreat of a disembodied spirit, and that that spirit might re-appear. He waited a minute, for the effort of opening the door had taken away his breath, and, as he recovered himself, he looked within. He could but imperfectly distinguish the objects in the chamber, but through the joints of the shutters there were three brilliant beams of sunshine which forced their way across the room which at first induced him to recoil as if from something supernatural; but a little reflection re-assured him. After a minute's pause, Philip went into the kitchen, lighted a candle, and, sighing deeply two or three times as if to cheer his heart, he summoned his resolution, and walked towards the fatal room. He first stopped at the threshold, and by the light of the candle, took a short survey. All was still; and the table on which the letter was left, was behind the door, and concealed by its being opened. It must be done, thought Philip: and why not! continued he resuming his courage, and, with a firm step, he walked into the room and went to unfasten the shutters. If his hand trembled a little when he called to mind how supernaturally they had last been opened, it is not suprising. We are but mortal, and we shrink from contact with aught beyond this life. When the fastenings were removed and the shutters unfolded, a stream of light poured into the room so vivid as to dazzle his eyesight; strange to say, this very light of a brilliant day overthrew the resolution of Philip more than the previous gloom and darkness, and with the candle in his hand, he retreated hastily into the kitchen to re-summon his courage, and there he remained for some minutes, with his face covered, and in deep thought.

It is singular that his reveries at last ended by reverting to the fair daughter of Mynheer Poots and her first appearance at the window, and he felt as if the flood of light which had just driven him from the one, was not more impressive and startling than her enchanting form at the other. His mind dwelling upon this beauteous vision appeared to restore Philip's confidence; he now rose, and boldly walked into the room. We shall not describe the objects it contained as they chanced to meet the eyes of Philip, but attempt a more lucid arrangement.

The room was about twelve or fourteen feet square, with but one window; opposite to the door stood the chimney and fire-place, with a high beaufet of dark wood on each side. The floor of the room was not dirty although spiders had run their cobwebs in every direction above, and many were hanging down from the ceiling, in the centre of which hung a quicksilver globe, a common ornament in those days, but the major part of it had lost its brilliancy, and the spiders' webs enclosed it like a shroud. Over the chimney-piece were hung two or three drawings framed and glazed, but a dusty mildew was spotted over the glass so that little could be distinguished. In the centre of the mantlepiece was an image of the Virgin Mary of pure silver in a shrine of the same metal, but it was tarnished to the colour of bronze or iron; some Indian figures stood on each side of it. The glass doors of the beaufets on each side of the chimney-piece were also so dimmed that little of within could be distinguished; the light and heat which had been poured into the room, even for so short a time, had already gathered up the damp of many years, and it laid as a mist and mingled with the dust upon the panes of glass: still here and there a glittering of silver vessels could be made out, for the glass-doors had protected them from turning black, although much dimmed in lustre.

On the wall facing the window were other prints in frames equally veiled in damp and cobwebs; and between them two birdcages. Philip approached, and looked into them. The occupants, of course, had long been dead; but at the bottom of the cages was a small heap of yellow feathers, through which the little white bones of the skeletons were to be seen, proving that they had been brought from the Canary Isles; and, at that period, such birds were highly valued. Philip appeared to wish to examine everything before he sought that which he most dreaded, yet most wished to find. There were several chairs round the room: on one there was some linen; he took it up. It was some that must have belonged to him when he was yet a child. At last, Philip turned his eyes to the wall not yet examined, that opposite the chimney-piece, through which the door was pierced, and behind which, as it lay open, he was to find the table, the couch, the work-box, and the fatal LETTER. As he turned round, his pulse, which had gradually recovered its regular motion, beat more quickly; but he made the effort, and it was over. At first he examined the walls, against which were hung swords and pistols of various sorts, but chiefly Asiatic, bow and arrows, and other implements of destruction. Philip's eyes gradually descended upon the table, and little couch behind it, where his mother stated herself to have been seated when his father made his awful visit. The workbox and all its implements were on the table, just as she had left them. The keys she mentioned were also lying by it; but Philip looked, and looked again; there was no letter. He now advanced nearer, examined closely, there was none that he could perceive, either on the couch or on the table—or on the floor. He lifted up the workbox, to ascertain if it was beneath—but no. He examined among its contents, but no letter was there. He turned over the pillows of the couch, but still there was no letter to be found. And Philip felt as if there had been a heavy load removed from his panting chest. "Surely then," thought he, as he leant against the wall, "this must have been the vision of a heated imagination. My poor mother must have fallen asleep, and dreamt this horrid tale. I thought it was impossible, at least I hoped so. It must have been, as I suppose; the dream has been too powerful, too like a fearful reality, and thus had partially unseated my poor mother's reason." Philip reflected again, and was then satisfied that his suppositions were correct.

"Yes, it must have been so, poor dear mother! how much thou hast suffered! but thou art now rewarded, and with thy God." After a few minutes, during which he surveyed the room again and again, with the indifference naturally prevailing, from the idea that all the supernatural history was not true, Philip took out of his pocket the written paper found with the key, and read it over.—"The iron cupboard under the beaufet farthest from the window." "'Tis well." He took the bunch of keys from off the table, and soon fitted one to the outside wooden doors which concealed the iron safe. A second key on the bunch opened the iron doors; and Philip found himself in possession of a considerable sum of money, as near as he could reckon, amounting to ten thousand guilders, in little yellow sacks. "My poor mother!" thought he; "and has a mere dream scared thee to penury and want, with all this wealth in thy possession?" Philip replaced the sacks, and locked up the cupboards, after having taken out of one already half-emptied a few pieces for his immediate wants. His attention was next attracted to the beaufets above, which, with one of the keys, he opened, and found that they contained china, and silver flaggons, and cups of considerable value. The locks were again turned, and the bunch of keys thrown upon the table.

The sudden possession of so much wealth added to the conviction to which Philip had now arrived, that there had been no supernatural appearance, as supposed by his mother, naturally revived and composed his spirits; and he felt a re-action which amounted almost to hilarity. Seating himself on the couch, he was soon in a reverie, and as before, reverted to the lovely daughter of Mynheer Poots, from thence indulging in various castle-buildings, all ending, as usual, when we choose for ourselves, in competence and felicity. In this pleasing occupation he remained for more than two hours, when his thoughts again reverted to his poor mother and her fearful death.

"Dearest, kindest mother!" apostrophised Philip aloud, as he rose from his leaning position, "here thou wert, tired with watching over my infant slumbers, thinking of my absent father and his dangers, working up thy mind, and anticipating evil, till thy fevered sleep conjured up the apparition. Yes, it must have been so, for see here, lying on the floor, is the embroidery, as it fell from thy unconscious hands, with the needle still remaining in its last insertion; and with the ceasing of that labour ceased thy happiness in this life. Dear, dear, mother!" continued he, a tear rolling down his cheek as he stooped to pick up the piece of muslin, "how much hast thou——God of Heaven!" exclaimed Philip, as he lifted up the embroidery, starting back with violence, and overturning the table, "God of Heaven, and of Judgment, there is—there *is*," and Philip clasped his hands, and bowed his head in awe and anguish, as in a changed and fearful tone he muttered forth—"the LETTER."

It was but too true,—underneath the embroidery on the floor had lain the fatal letter of Vanderdecken. Had Philip seen it on the table when he first went into the room, and had been prepared to find it, he would have taken it up with some degree of composure; but to find it now, when he had persuaded himself that it was all an illusion on the part of his mother, when he had made up his mind that there had been no supernatural agency, after he had been indulging in visions of future bliss and repose, was a shock that transfixed him where he stood, and for some time he remained in his attitude of surprise and terror. Down at once fell the airy fabric of happiness which he had built up during the last two hours; and as he gradually recovered from his alarm, his heart filled with melancholy forebodings. At last he dashed forward, seized the letter and burst out of the fatal room.

"I cannot, dare not, read it here," exclaimed he; "no, no, it must be under the vault of high and offended Heaven, that the message must be received." Philip took his hat, and went out of the house; in the reaction of calm despair he locked the door, took out the key, and walked he knew not whither.

CHAPTER IV.

If the reader can imagine the feelings of a man who, having been sentenced to death, and having resigned himself to his fate, finds himself unexpectedly reprieved; and after having recomposed his mind from the agitation arising from a renewal of those hopes and expectations which he had abandoned, once more dwelling upon future prospects, and indulging in pleasing anticipations: we say that if the reader can imagine what the feelings of a man in such a position must be, when he again finds that the reprieve is taken off, and that he is to suffer, he may then form some idea of the state of Philip's mind when he quitted the cottage.

Long did he walk, careless in which direction, with the letter in his clenched hand, and his teeth firmly set against each other. Gradually he became more composed; and out of breath, with the rapidity of his motion, he sat down upon a bank, and there he long remained, with his eyes rivetted upon the dreaded paper, which he held with both his hands upon his knees.

Mechanically he turned the letter over; the seal was black. Philip sighed.—"I cannot read it now," thought he, and he rose and continued his devious way.

For another half-hour did Philip keep in motion, and the sun was not many degrees above the horizon. Philip stopped and looked at it till his vision failed. "I could imagine that it was the eye of God," thought Philip, "and perhaps it may be. Why then, merciful Creator, am I thus selected from so many millions to fulfil so dire a task!"

Philip looked about him for some spot where he might be concealed from others—where he might break the seal, and read this mission from a world of spirits. A small copse of brushwood, in advance of a grove of trees, was not far from where he stood. He walked to it, and sat down, so as to be concealed from any passers-by. Philip once more looked at the descending orb of day, and by degrees he became composed.

"It is thy will," exclaimed he; "it is my fate, and both must be accomplished."

Philip put his hand to the seal,—his blood thrilled when he called to mind that it had been delivered by no mortal hand, and that it contained the secret of one in judgment. He remembered that that one was his father; and that it was only in the letter that there was hope,—hope for his poor father, whose memory he had been taught to love, and who appealed for help.

"Coward that I am, to have lost so many hours!" exclaimed Philip; "yon sun appears as if waiting on the hill, to give me light to read."

Philip mused a short time; he was once more the daring Vanderdecken. Calmly he broke the seal, which bore the initials of his father's name, and read as follows:—

"To Catherine.—One of those pitying spirits whose eyes rain tears for mortal crimes, has been permitted to inform me by what means alone my dreadful doom may be averted.

"Could I but receive on the deck of my own ship the holy relic upon which I swore the fatal oath, kiss it in all humility, and shed one tear of deep contrition on the sacred wood, I then may rest in peace.

"How this may be effected, or by whom so fatal a task will be undertaken, I know not. O, Catherine, we have a son—but, no, no, let him not hear of me. Pray for me, and now, farewell.

"I. VANDERDECKEN."

"Then it is true, most horribly true," thought Philip; "and my father is even now in living judgment. And he points to me,—to whom else should he? Am I not his son, and is it not my duty!"

"Yes, father," exclaimed Philip, aloud, falling on his knees, "you have not written these lines in vain. Let me peruse once more."

Philip raised up his hand; but although it appeared to him that he had still hold of the letter, it was not there, he grasped nothing. He looked on the grass to see if it had fallen—but no, there was no letter, it had disappeared. Was it a vision!—no, no, he had read every word. "Then it must be to me, and me alone, that the mission was intended. I accept the sign.

"Hear me, dear father.—if thou art so permitted, and deign to hear me, gracious Heaven—hear the son who, by this sacred relic swears that he will avert your doom, or perish. To that will he devotes his days; and having done his duty, die in hope and peace. Heaven that recorded my rash father's oath, now register his son's upon the same sacred cross, and may perjury on my part be visited with punishment more dire than his! Receive it, Heaven, as at the last I trust that in thy mercy thou wilt receive the father and the son; and if too bold, O, pardon my presumption."

Philip threw himself forward on his face, with his lips to the sacred symbol. The sun went down, twilight gradually disappeared; night had, for some time, shrouded all in darkness, and Philip yet remained in alternate prayer and meditaton!

But he was disturbed by the voices of some men, who sat down upon the turf but a few yards from where he was concealed. The conversation he little heeded; but it had roused him, and his first feeling was to return to the cottage, that he might reflect over his plans; but although the men spoke in a low tone, his attention was soon arrested by the subject of their conversation, when he heard the name mentioned of Mynheer Poots. He listened attentively, and discovered that they were four disbanded soldiers, who intended that night to attack the house of the little doctor, who had, they knew, much money in his possession.

"What I have proposed is the best," said one of them; "he has no one with him but his daughter."

"Who I value more than his money," replied another; "so, recollect that before we go, it is perfectly understood that she is to be my property."

"Yes, if you choose to purchase her, there's no objection," replied a third.

"Agreed; how much will you in conscience ask for a puling girl!"

"I say five hundred guilders," replied another.

"Well, be it so, but on this condition, if my share of the booty does not amount to so much, I am to have her for my share, whatever it may be."

"That's very fair," replied the other; "but I'm much mistaken if we don't turn more than two thousand guilders out of the old man's chest."

"What do you two say, is it agreed shall Baetens have her!"

"O yes," replied the others.

"Well, then," replied the one who had stipulated for Mynheer's Poots's daughter, "now I am with you heart and soul. I loved that girl, and tried to get her,—I positively offered to marry her, but the old hunks refused me, an ensign, an officer; but now I'll have revenge. We must not spare him."

"No, no," replied the others.

"Shall we go now, or wait till it is later! In an hour or more the moon will be up,—we may be seen."

"Who is to see us! unless, indeed, some one is sent for him. The later the better, I say."

"How long will it take us to get there! Not half an hour if we walk. Suppose we start in half an hour hence, we shall just have the moon to count the guilders by."

"That's all right. In the meantime I'll put a new flint in my lock, and have my carbine loaded. I can work in the dark."

"You are used to it, Jan."

"Yes, I am,—and I intend this ball to go through the old rascal's head."

"Well, I'd rather you should kill him than me," replied one of the others, "for he did save my life at Middleburgh, when every one made sure I'd die."

Philip did not wait to hear any more; he crawled behind the bushes until he gained the grove of trees, and passing through them, made a detour, so as not to be seen by these miscreants. That they were disbanded soldiers, many of whom were infesting the country, he knew well. All his thoughts were now to save the old doctor and his daughter from the danger which threatened them; and for a time he forgot his father, and the exciting revelations of the day. Although Philip had not been aware in what direction he had walked when he set off from the cottage, he knew the country well; and now that it was necessary to act, he remembered the direction in which he should find the lonely house of Mynheer Poots: with the utmost speed he made his way for it, and in less than twenty minutes he arrived there, out of breath.—[*To be continued.*]

LORD LYNDHURST.

From a series of sketches in the Metropolitan entitled "The Bench and the Bar." By the Author of The Great Metropolis.

Lord Lyndhurst having succeeded Lord Brougham in the Court of Chancery, comes next to be considered as a judge. Though classed at present among the "late" judges, there is a strong probability that amidst the ever-recurring changes which are now taking place in the political world, he will have to be numbered among the "present" judges before many months have elapsed.

Lord Lyndhurst, as I have mentioned in my "Random Recollections of the House of Lords," is an American by birth, but came over to this country at a very early age, with his father, Mr. Copley, who was a portrait painter. He soon

afterwards applied himself to the study of divinity, with the view of taking holy orders; but after several years preparation for the pulpit, he turned his attention to the bar. Mr. Copley entered the Temple in the year 1794. For some time after being called to the bar, his prospects were not bright; but they gradually became better and better as opportunities were afforded him of displaying his talents. His business in the course of some years, though by no means extensive, was sufficiently lucrative to enable him to maintain that position in society to which both his talents and profession justified him in aspiring. In 1816 he was appointed to the office of Solicitor General. His knighthood accompanied his elevation. Among the earliest duties Sir John Copley was called to perform as Solicitor General, was that of supporting the prosecution of the late Queen Caroline, it having been instituted by the government of which he was a member. He had before this time acquired for himself a distinguished reputation at the bar; but now his talents appeared to much greater advantage than they had yet done. The extent and accuracy of his legal knowledge—the ingenuity he evinced in bringing forward everything he thought calculated to prejudice the case of the queen—and his acuteness in replying to the counsel on the opposite side, were the admiration of every one, both within and without the walls of Parliament.

As an advocate, Mr. Copley was always admired by his brethren at the bar for the soundness of his views on all questions of civil jurisprudence, and for the remarkable clearness and conciseness with which he, on all occasions, however intricate the subject, expressed himself. The faculty of putting his client's case in the plainest possible light, was perhaps his chief excellency as a barrister. No judge or jury could ever complain of not understanding him. The most common capacity might have followed him with ease from the commencement to the close of his speech. If his client had law or justice on his side, it was impossible that his case could be put in a clearer light than that in which Mr. Copley was sure to put it. If the opposite party had the law or the equity on his side, then Mr. Copley's great object was to throw a veil over the points which were most favourable to the case of the opposing party, and, by that consummate sophistry which makes "the worse appear the better reason," whitewash the darkest features in his own client's case. Nature intended Mr. Copley for a lawyer: for of all the men that I have seen at the English or at any other bar, he was the most successful sophist I ever heard address a judge or jury. His matter was at all times specious in the highest degree; and this speciousness of his matter was made to tell with double effect from the extreme plausibility of his manner. A perpetual smile played on his countenance while he gazed on the faces of the court or the jury; and there was something so winning in the tones of his voice, that he must have been a man possessing a remarkably lively perception of the real facts of a case, of a vigorous intellect, and of a great energy of character, who was not carried away by Mr. Copley's address. His diction was always smooth, yet forcible: he never interred his arguments amidst a load of verbiage. Nothing could be more simple, yet nothing more correct than his language. Every word was in its proper place: and sentence succeeded sentence without any apparent effort. His manner and language could not have been more unpretending had he been addressing himself to a number of children. His voice was clear, and pleasant in its tones. His articulation was distinct, sometimes, from his uncommon facility at extemporaneous composition, coupled with zeal for his client, his utterance was somewhat rapid. Sir Egerton Brydges mentions, either in his printed Autobiography or in some part of one of his unpublished manuscripts which was lately in my possession, that this was the only fault he could discover in Mr. Copley, as an advocate. Sir Egerton happened to hear him in some of his earliest forensic efforts, and then confidently predicted in his own mind, if indeed he did not mention it to some of his friends, that he would eventually attain to the highest honours of his profession. Mr. Copley never had recourse to declamation when practising at the bar. He trusted, for his success, to the qualities I have mentioned: and the event showed that he formed an accurate judgment as to where his strength lay. He never raised his voice to a high pitch: he never practised theatrical gesticulation; nor had recourse to any claptrap expedients. He did not, in other words, according to the sense in which the term is generally used, play the actor. That he left to others, who did not possess his distinguished intellectual or legal resources.

The Tories saw that a man of Mr. Copley's talents must be an invaluable acquisition to any party; and, therefore, Lord Liverpool, then at the head of the administration, procured his return to Parliament for some nomination borough. This was in 1819. In the House of Commons he also distinguished himself; and thus showed that Lord Liverpool's opinion of the service he could render to the government was not unfounded.

I have already intimated that great as was Mr. Copley's reputation at the English bar before his appointment to the office of Solicitor General, it became still greater after that appointment had taken place. In 1823 he was made Attorney General. He had not filled the latter office two years before it was pretty generally understood by the bar that his elevation to the bench was all but a moral certainty; and that, too, at no distant period. In 1826 he was raised to the dignity of Master of the Rolls. Nor did his promotion long rest there. In 1829 he was raised to the very highest station a subject can fill: on the resignation of the great seal by Lord Eldon in that year, Sir John was made Lord Chancellor, and raised to the dignity of a peer of the realm, under the title of Baron Lyndhurst. He did not, however, long retain the seals. The dissolution of the Tory government in 1830 ejected him, as a matter of course, from the woolsack and Court of Chancery. He was obliged to retire on a pension of £4000 a year. Finding this sum insufficient to meet the expenses incurred by the appearance he was obliged to keep up in society, he applied to Earl Grey, in 1831, for the situation of Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. The noble earl complied with his wishes, and he was appointed to the situation, with a salary of £7000. On the restoration of his party to power in the winter of 1834, Lord Lyndhurst was replaced on the woolsack and in the Court of Chancery; but his retention of these situations was not of long duration. He was obliged to quit both on the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's government.

As a judge, Lord Lyndhurst has given the greatest satisfaction. Those who knew him well expected great things from him in the administration of justice. They have not been disappointed: their most sanguine expectations, on the contrary, have been far surpassed. I question if ever a better judge presided either in a court of law or a court of equity. His knowledge of the law, as before stated, is extensive and correct: and his judgment is remarkably sound in the application of that knowledge to the cases which come before him.* He has a quickness of perception, almost amounting to intuition, of the real merits of the case under consideration. Though himself so dexterous at mystifying others by his sophistry, when an advocate, no man could be more expert than he is at detecting the sophistry, however fine-spun, of counsel. He keeps his mind, indeed, as steadily fixed on the real points at issue, as if the counsel on either side had never sought to divert his attention from them. He examines the case, in all its bearings, in his own mind; and masters its details, however complicated, with singular facility, and as completely, as if the particular case before the court had been the study of his whole life. His summings up are models of composition, and of judicial statements. He presents the whole merits of the case as clearly to the mind's eye of the jury, as they appear to his own. There is no possibility of misconceiving his meaning. His decisions as an equity judge are no less entitled to praise, than his administration of justice in the courts of law. They are the admiration of the whole bar.

Lord Lyndhurst has always been a great favourite with the bar. His exceedingly bland and courteous manners, coupled with his legal knowledge and masterly administration of justice, could not, indeed, fail to insure him the esteem, in his judicial capacity, of all who know him. His urbanity, in fact, was shown towards all who had any business to do in either of the courts over which he presided. Though most decided in his political opinions, he never betrayed the slightest symptom of political feeling on the bench. He treated those whose politics were the very antipodes of his, with the same courtesy as those of his own party. In fine, he know no distinctions either of politics, or rank, or anything else, when he sat on the bench. He regarded all as on precisely the same footing. Mr. Cleave speaks in terms of warm admiration of the urbanity of manner which Lord Lyndhurst showed towards him, when tried a few years since in the Court of Exchequer on a government information. Mr. Cleave, on that occasion, acted as his own counsel, and in order that he might feel as much at his ease as could be expected with a host of the most eminent of the long-robed gentlemen pitted against him, his lordship indulged in various good-natured familiar jokes in the course of the trial. Several of these jokes were directed against the lawyers, and were decidedly excellent. A very good one was passed at the very commencement of the defendent's speech. Mr. Cleave began by observing, that he was afraid he should, before he sat down, give some rather awkward illustrations of the truth of the old adage—"That he who acted as his own counsel, had a fool for his client." "Ah! Mr. Cleave," said his lordship, in his own peculiarly pleasant manner, "ah! Mr. Cleave; don't you mind that adage: it was framed by the *lawyers*."

A great discussion has taken place as to the early political opinions of his lordship. I have access to some peculiar sources of information on the subject, and can state in the most positive terms, that they were of the most liberal kind. I mention, as presumptive proof of this, what has never, so far as I am aware, before transpired, namely, that on the completion of his studies, he made the tour of a great part of the continent of America, in company with the celebrated Volney. Mr. Copley was at that time an ardent admirer of the politics of the French philosopher; and the latter, in return, was captivated with the distinguished talents of which his youthful companion then gave promise, though only, I believe, in his eighteenth year. But even after Mr. Copley had settled in this country, he was in the habit, for a long time, of attending the political meetings got up towards the close of the last century, by the admirers of the French revolution. At one of these meetings, the proceedings of which had been of a most violent kind, he rose to speak, and was in the act of pronouncing the words, "Mr. Chairman," when a friend, a barrister, pulled him down to his seat by the tails of his coat. He again rose, and said, "Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen, allow me, in offering myself——." Here he was again interrupted by the same friend repeating the process of pulling him down to his seat by the same means as before. He had got on his legs a third time, on which his friend gave him another forcible "tit." The youthful aspiring Liberal turned about, and was in the act of darting some most savage glances at his friend, as if he had meant to prepare him for a vigorous blow, should he again prevent his speaking: but his countenance assumed a milder expression on his friend rising up and whispering into his ear, "Copley, what are you about! They have been speaking treason here to-night, and if you take any part in the proceedings, you will be held equally responsible with the rest."

This had the desired effect; Mr. Copley resumed his seat, and did not quit it till he rose to leave the meeting. He thought it much better to bottle up his eloquence on the occasion, than to run the risk of the probable consequences of a government prosecution on a charge of sedition.

But the liberal character of Mr. Copley's politics in the earlier part of his public career, is matter of historical fact. He and Sir Charles, then Mr. Wetherell, were counsel for Watson and others, when tried for high treason in 1818; and his name was toasted at that time by the Radicals in all parts of the country, in conjunction with their most cherished principles. Nay, even the dead walls of London and all the large towns in the kingdom, were placarded with 'Copley and Radical Reform."

It is true, that Lord Lyndhurst's politics have for many years past been those of unqualified Toryism. But how many are there who, like him, have begun their public career as Liberals of the first water, and as they advanced in years and experience have settled down into pure Conservatism! With regard to the circumstances under which his lordship's change in his political opinions has been brought about, it is not for me to say anything. I wish to avoid the expression of all political feeling in these sketches. My object is simply to state facts, and to mix them up with as much amusing matter as I can.

In private life Lord Lyndhurst has performed many generous actions. I will just mention one instance. A year or two ago, one of the most violent Radicals of the present day addressed a long letter to his lordship, detailing the distressing circumstances in which, through ill health, the infirmities of old age, and the want of even the necessaries of life, he was placed, and soliciting charity. His lordship read the letter with attention, and feeling for the painful situation in which the party was placed, handed it to his secretary, saying, "Make up a check on my bankers for five pounds, to this poor man." The secretary on looking at the signature, exclaimed, "My Lord, are you aware who this man is?"

"No," said his lordship; "I do not recollect having before seen the name."

"Why this is the notorious Radical, G——J——, who has for many years been so grossly and virulently abusing your lordship."

Lord Lyndhurst stretched out his hand for the letter, looked again at the contents for a few seconds, and then observed, addressing himself to his secretary, "O never mind what he has been in the habit of saying about me; the poor man seems to be in a very distressed condition—get the check ready, and send him the money."

Lord Lyndhurst's personal appearance is very prepossessing. He is somewhat above the middle size, and possesses a figure of great symmetry. His countenance has something exceedingly soft and pleasant in it. It has something of a feminine expression. He seems always on good terms not only with himself, but with everybody and everything around him. His features are small and regular. He looks much younger than he is. He is in his sixty-fifth year. He always wears a brown-coloured wig, when not presiding as judge.

*I am here speaking of Lord Lyndhurst, for the reason I have already mentioned, as if he were at this moment presiding in one of our courts.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Clubs were once the prevailing fashion in England,—I do not allude to those convivial assemblies so pleasantly depicted and described in all their varieties by the periodical called "The Guardian," but to those criniferous appendages to the head worn by the bucks of that period. Pig-tails and "knockers" superseded the ponderous "clubs;" and subsequently, "crops" were, and have, with little variation, continued to be the mode. Strange! but assuredly of all the goddesses worshipped by the moderns, Fashion has the chief place in their pantheon.

Although of the feminine gender, she most resembles our sober and thrifty merchants—for she is continually "on the *change*."

But to return to the clubs. Of all those recorded in modern or ancient times, the club of Hercules stands pre-eminent. The Greeks, the first story-tellers in the world, relate innumerable wonders performed by it, and who can doubt *their* veracity! This club, by the way was no appendage to any human block as before mentioned, but was in itself a solid wooden block, gnarled and knotted in a most picturesque manner, and used by Hercules as a "tool" or weapon of offence or defence, as occasion required. In fact, it was the gigantic grandfather, the "thumping" Adam of the degenerated race of shilelaghs!

The exploits or labours of Hercules, the King of Clubs, have been frequently related before in simple prose and lofty rhyme. If we for a moment considered that we could not tell the tale more pleasantly, we would at once abandon the theme; but we think we can—and prove too, most indubitably, that our King of Clubs was a trump!

Know then, most erudite reader, that Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena. Juno, the haughty and imperious wife of Jupiter, delivered one of her longest "curtain-lectures" on the occasion, and would willingly have sent the interesting illegitimate to the foundling or the workhouse, had such asylums for disowned bantlings existed at that romantic period. Jupiter's thunder was paralysed and silenced by her sweet voice, and

"He scratched his ear, the infallible resource
To which embarrassed people have recourse;"

and, we are sorry to add, that the affectionate Juno scratched his face. For the sake of public decency we will, however, draw a veil over these domestic squabbles, which how interesting soever they may be to the parties concerned, are offensive to the delicate eye of decorum. Finding that all her rage fell upon him, like a flash of lightning upon a conductor, she desisted from her loquacious persecution; but, being always attended by her favourite bird the peacock, she, of course, had "all her eyes about her," as they say in the vulgate.

Hercules was still in his cradle—that is, as still as most infants generally are in that situation—and Juno resolved to send him some "playthings." Her first idea was a "rattle"—and, as Jupiter confessed, she certainly possessed an extraordinary one of her own—but upon mature consideration she made an addition to her intended present, and subsequently gave master Hercules a couple of rattle-snakes. How injudicious are the gifts of some people! They might have bitten him; and Juno, to whom this same probability had occurred, returned hastily to his apartment to see if they really had; and, to her dismay, beheld the stout little fellow grappling them tightly by the throat and tossing them about his cradle as limp as a pair of list garters! He had strangled them! This was his first *feat* before he could run alone! He soon outgrew his pinafores; and in course of time arrived at manhood. The enmity of Juno, however, still unrelentingly pursued him; and, although a muscular youth, he would willingly have accepted the situation of errand-boy to Jupiter, but the place was already filled by Mercury.

His want of favour at court was a bar to credit, and none of the Stultzes of the day would measure him for a suit; instead, therefore, of splendid clothes, befitting his station and degree, he got into idle habits. His moral character was still unimpeached, and being naturally of an ardent and romantic temperament, he resolved to sally forth as a knight-errant, and, if possible, to knock down tyranny and oppression, and pick up a livelihood. His valour was indomitable—his strength incomparable. Tearing up an oak by the roots, he fashioned it into a formidable club, and throwing it carelessly across his shoulders—with no other burthen than his domestic griefs—he wandered into the forest of Nemea.

Aurora had just drawn the purple curtains of her couch in the east, and looked with a radiant and blushing countenance upon the world, when a roarer—in the shape of a monstrous lion—rushed rampantly through a leafy brake upon the astonished Hercules. He grasped his club and calmly awaited the approach of his voracious enemy. With mane erect, and lashing his swarthy sides with his tasseled tail, he bore down upon our hero. His loud voice rang through the forest, and made the affrighted echoes shrink in terror and dismay. At one tremendous bound he sprang upon his intended victim. The situation of Hercules was awful; but he saluted his antagonist with a firmness and decision that were irresistible. His next spring proved the "winter of his discontent;" for the renowned club fell so *pat* upon his skull, that he rolled over on his back and extended his huge paws in the most tranquil state of peace and insensibility.

"The first and the best hit I ever made in my life," exclaimed Hercules, leaning on his club, and gazing cautiously upon the lion. "He came and—he is gone! And now, most royal beast, having given thee a dressing, thou shalt return the compliment." And stooping down, he undressed poor Leo in a jiffy.

Enveloping himself in the royal robes, which really fitted him to a hair, he surveyed himself, like another Narcissus, in the natural mirror of an adjacent—puddle!

"Really, now," said he, "there is a vast difference between a *bare* skin and a lion's skin! This is truly an enviable acquisition, and my trunk, like a traveller's, is certainly the better for the hairy covering."

Having uttered this self-gratulatory soliloquy, he threw his club over his shoulder again and departed, leaving the dead body to an inquest of the ravens.

Pursuing his journey, he met with few incidents worthy of remark, until he came to the Lake of Lerna. Stooping to slake his thirst, for habit and necessity had both contributed to make him a temperate man, what was his surprise on beholding the seven-headed Hydra squinting maliciously at him with her fourteen eyes! "Well! this beats rattle-snakes all to nothing!" exclaimed Hercules, his mind recurring to the memorable exploit of his babyhood.

Proudly arching her necks, she extended her jaws. "Ho! ho!" cried Hercules, "I suppose, Madam, by showing your teeth, like a beauty, I am to conclude that you wish to engage me."

Now, as he was indubitably the most "striking" character of his day, this was a very probable conclusion; and he forthwith gallantly saluted the Hydra with such admirable effect that one of her seven heads dropped off. Presto! another sprang up in its place! which so tickled Hercules, that he burst into a fit of laughter.

"Why, this is boy's play," said he;" "one down the other come on, practically illustrated under seven heads!"

The conflict, however, became beyond a joke, and Hercules retreated up the strand, followed by the Hydra. Bravely he fought, and never had the seven-headed serpent beheld such a display of muscles on that strand before! Finding herself completely out of her element, she turned towards the lake, when Hercules, taking advantage of her position, struck her dexterously on the tip of her tail, and she dropped down stone-dead before she had time to think of her latter end. And so both her tail and her history were appropriately finished with a wood-cut! Her *dyeing*, however, did not cease with her death, for her blood completely crimsoned the Lake of Lerna.

Hercules having dined, "with his club" continued his journey in search of adventures. He had not travelled far before he fell in with the celebrated Erymanthian boar,—an animal of astonishing size and ferocity. His enormous tusks and bristles were alone sufficient to have made tooth-brushes for a whole generation! No sooner did Hercules catch his eye than he uttered a loud and sonorous grunt, and rising from the mire in which he had been taking his *siesta* or afternoon's nap, he trotted unwieldily towards him.

"I'm not given to pork," said Hercules, "but, i'faith, here is pork given to me. I bear an oak, but my oak bears no acorns for his entertainment. He seems well fed, however, although, from the muddiness of his hide, I'm sure a little 'wash would do him no harm."

He had scarcely pronounced this soliloquy, of which the foolish wild boar understood not a syllable, when he was compelled to act promptly on the defensive, for a thrust from the tusks of his porcine foe threatened to make an awful dent in his legs.

"Egad," exclaimed he, "I must keep my legs at any rate, for I've really such a run of business in the fighting line, that I shall not be able to keep pace with my customers." And he straightway made such an impression on the grunter's carcass, that he lay kicking in a most unromantic and inelegant attitude at the feet of his victor.

Hercules had heard much talk in the neighbourhood of the quarrelsome conduct of his prostrate foe, and, for the sake of future quiet, was resolved to bind him down to keep the peace. With this charitable intention toward mankind, he proceeded to cord the legs of the boar.

"There now," said he, after completing his operations, "that is what one may call ham-stringing. I have taken especial care, too, not to tie up his legs with a running knot. But, lest my bristly friend may alarm any wanderers on this track, I think it were better to put him out of the way."

And, prompted by this kindly feeling, he raised the boar in his arms, and carrying him to an adjoining precipice, dropped him gently over!

The whole of the following year our doughty hero recreated himself in hunting with no other pack than that in which he carried his provisions: he pursued on foot a hind consecrated to Diana;—and a most extraordinary animal it was, having feet of brass and horns of gold. By-the-by, horns of gold is rather an Hibernicism; we should have said antlers. He finally came up with the *deer* creature, and brought it down: and never before or since was hind hunted by such a gallant buck!

He next killed or dispersed the Stymphalides (certain birds of the vulture genus—which fed upon human flesh); at least they were never afterwards known to send their bills into any man!

Women were, are, and ever will be, averse to clubs; and, notwithstanding the Amazons were all warlike women, they spoke very slightingly of the club of Hercules. Their contempt naturally provoked him; and single-handed he engaged the whole host of female combatants. Their military tactics and discipline proved unavailing; he effectually put them to the rout, and took prisoner Hyppolita their queen.

"Ah! you coward!" exclaimed the royal and disconsolate Amazon; "would you strike a woman?"

"Nay," said Hercules, bowing most gracefully: "if you will act like men, you must expect to be treated as such. Although your charms certainly declare that you were born to strike all men, it must be after a more amiable mode than that which you have practised. Throw aside these warlike arms, for those delicate hands were intended for other *bows* than those you use so cruelly. Women's eyes and tongues are their natural weapons,—their modesty their best defence."

And having finished this locture, Hercules, like many other lecturers, led away his hearer.

As in all these exploits Hercules had proved himself a stalwart man, so, in his next achievement, did he indubitably prove himself a *stable* boy, for in one day he perfectly cleansed the stalls of Augeas, which had not been emptied for thirty years, though three thousand oxen were continually lodged in them. The most gigantic broom that ever was made would have been completely stumped in such a proceeding; our hero, therefore, wisely had recourse to a more summary and efficient mode, for he actually turned a river into the stable, and washed it out as cleverly as any scullion would a dirty saucepan. In fine, Hercules, who was *game* to the backbone, overcame the *dung-hills!*

He had no fear, and was the identical man to take the bull by the horns on every occasion, and chance soon gave him an opportunity of exemplifying the truth of this remark. Happening to be in Crete, he heard the lamentations of the people, who were daily harassed by a furious bull. "Show me the beast," he cried, "and if I do not beat him to the tenderest beef in the kingdom, henceforth call me a calf!"

But he had no need of their assistance in pointing out the object of their terror, for the bull showed himself. On he came, like some knight in a tournament, with a flourish of horns!

"Fly!" exclaimed the people in dismay, at the same time scattering in every direction.

"Fly!" cried Hercules, contemptuously; and raising his club, he took such a correct aim, that he hit the bull's eye, and completely turned him round. Catching him by the tail, he then pursued the bellowing animal over the plain, beating such a tattoo upon his ribs that he would willingly have left his tail behind him (a very natural inclination), to have escaped from the merciless drubbing of Hercules; but the faster he ran the faster he held him, till at last the bull being completely tamed, fell sprawling and helpless at his victor's feet. The grateful Cretans gathered about him, loudly applauding his valour. They declared that they had never witnessed such a sight before.

"No!" said Hercules; "why beef and batter is a common dish in my country. But you have now nothing to apprehend; he'll never run at man, woman, or child again, depend on't; therefore you need neither care nor fear a rush! for he's completely cowed!"

Still thirsting for adventure he travelled into Thrace, where the cruel tyrant Diomede then swayed the sceptre. There his fame having outstripped his legs, he was graciously invited to a royal banquet. Hercules accepted the polite invitation, and seated himself among the company.

Now he had ascertained from a private quarter on which he could confidently rely, that Diomede was in the habit of feeding his horses with the flesh of his guests. This pleasant prospect would probably have destroyed the appetite of any other man. But Hercules feared nothing, and feasted away and quaffed goblet after goblet with the most perfect *sang froid*. The conviviality having been kept up till a very late hour, the atrocious host arose and signified his pleasure that his gallant company should retire to their apartments for the night.

Hercules was upon his legs in a twinkling. "Gentlemen," said he, smiling, and extending his right hand oratorically, and clutching his club manfully in his left; "gentlemen, what I am about to propose I am sure will meet with general applause and approbation—(Hear, hear!) Although a wayfarer and a stranger in the land, I have not only been greatly honoured, but most graciously received—(Hear!) Those whom I have the honour to address I believe are equally strangers here, and therefore must feel as I feel on this occasion—to me the proudest moment of my mortal existence." (Shouts.) Diomede coughed, and modestly turning away his head to hide his confusion, said, sharply, "Waiters, leave the room." "Gentlemen," continued Hercules, "there are times when the exuberance of a man's feelings overcomes his utterance; but neither wine nor gratitude have power to stultify mine. Gentlemen, the individual I am about to name is a man of the most extraordinary taste—(Hear, hear!) Yes, the gentle Diomede is not only delighted to feed his guests, but never fails to feed his horses—(Bravo!)—"*with his guests!*"

(A thrill of horror ran through the assembly. Diomede started from his chair as if he had accidentally sat upon a pin.)

"Gentlemen—Draw your swords, and keep fast the doors. Monster!" continued Hercules, "I know you, and have no inclination to be cut into bits for your horses' mouths (for *race* horses ought to have *coarser* food!) Nay, I have a great disinclination to have even my corn cut for their entertainment. I therefore attach you as my prisoner. Stir not a peg, or I brain you with my club! No! thou cruel anticipator of the Inquisition that will hereafter be! thou shalt not put either me or these innocent gentlemen to the rack!" And then gently tapping the tyrant on the head, he bound him hand and foot, and accompanied by the

whole company, threw him into a dungeon in his own castle, to the admiration of all his vassals, and the delight of the whole kingdom.

Having got his hand in, Hercules went over to Spain, where Geryon, a cruel giant with three bodies (representing, I suppose, King, Lords, and Commons), wore the royal crown; and our hero, who cared for nobody, unceremoniously "cracked his crown," and was unanimously thanked by the people for the "change."

Cockagee-cider was the favourite "tipple" of our Man of Might, and being informed that the Garden of the Hesperides produced the best apples in the world for the manufacture of the sparkling beverage, he passed the mile-stones like a tandem in order to procure a crop.

He found, however, that his waggish informers had endeavoured to put a trick upon him; for, lo! and behold, the golden fruit was guarded by a scaly dragon.

"This is a poser, however!" exclaimed Hercules, standing on tiptoe and peeping at the monstrous guard, who was quietly munching the windfalls. "No matter! danger is only the hone on which valour sharpens his steel. The adventure is worth at least a trial, especially as the fruit of victory is displayed so temptingly before me."

And striding cautiously into the garden, he gave the dragon such a salute upon the back as almost at once turned the scales in his favour.

The struggle now became desperate; the claws of the battered dragon convulsively ploughed up the earth, and he was evidently suffering from the pain of his bruises. Hercules, naturally tender-hearted and compassionate, was resolved to put him out of his misery as quickly as possible; big with this charitable intention, he leaped upon his back, and at one blow beat his enormous head as flat as a biffin!

Resting from his toil, he regarded the indistinguishable features of the dragon with a smile.

"By the holy poker!" cried he, "I think that last blow has put the creature completely out of countenance! Sure now, his own mother would not recognize him; that is, if he had one, which, by-the-bye, is a matter of little importance, as I have at any rate made a *mummy* of him!"

Having accomplished this affair, and refreshed himself for several days in the beautiful gardens of the Hesperides, Hercules took it into his head to pay a visit—that is, he went, as nurses say to little children, to the "naughty place"—the entrance to which was at that time guarded by Cerberus, the triple-headed dog.

What on earth could possibly induce a man of his rank and acknowledged ability to let himself down so, we cannot imagine; but go he certainly did—and what is more, stole away the watch-dog!

It was a mad freak at best, and tended to effect a material change in the morality of the world; for it unfortunately removed one of the obstacles in the way of mankind, who have a natural inclination to run headlong in that particular direction.

This was almost the last remarkable action performed by this extraordinary man: for being badly off for soap, and too poor to pay a washerwoman, he was compelled to wash his own garments, and one day having put them on before they were perfectly aired, he caught a severe cold, accompanied by shivering and other symptoms of an ague-fit. No other sudorific being within his reach, he kindled a large fire of the dry branches of trees, and seating himself beside it in order to promote perspiration, he unfortunately fell asleep, and rolling into the midst of the flames was completely consumed—and thus one of the greatest heroes that ever existed ended——in smoke!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Illustrations of Human Life. By the author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere." 3 vols. Colburn.

Human life is a thing of many aspects, many phases, and he is a delightful mundane-astronomer who can observe and note them for us, the great orbs and their satellites, the comets, and all the little, even the shooting stars, which attract our admiration or cross our sphere. Whether born on high and of glorious splendour, or mere emanations of muddy matter, the study of their various forms and appearances is one of extreme interest; for we are taught and feel that we are part of the system, and that our shine or twinkle belongs to the aggregate mass. This sort of *quorum pars* is a mighty ally to an author. Does he exalt what we imagine in ourselves, or does he hit some little conscious foible; no matter—we are not alien to the scheme; and what from complacency, comparison, or some other deliciously blinding quality, we arrive at the idea that where we exist at all we must be something, if not somebody!

Mr. Ward has addressed his observations, in these volumes, to such a multitude of subjects, and exhibited such a multitude of individual characters, that hardly any living being could fancy himself excluded from the crowded pale. To revert to our astronomical parallel, his first volume is a double star, called "Atticus," and "St. Lawrence;" and his other two volumes, under the name of "Fielding," an absolute milky way of innumerable lights. In the whole, he displays all the attraction and merits of his preceding works. Much reading and reflection, great experience of the world, sensibility towards the beauties of nature, and a highly cultivated taste, a pleasant and accurate acquaintance with mankind, and a philosophical turn of mind, engendered by these *preliminaries* and by leisure, are the prominent features of the production before us.

Instead of being one work, however, it is three; and, even with our bounded limits, we must notice the trio distinctly and separately.

"Atticus" is an essay on moderation, which induces retirement from active life in a Lord Grenville of the author's imagining. He is wooed back to office by friends who miss and want him; and the results of his firm grounds for contented refusal are stated in several letters from the confidant sent to sound him. A few passages will serve to shew the nature of this treatise, finely enriched by familiar illustrations from excellent authors. The love of flowers is described in language which will be echoed by thousands who may, like us, enjoy a passion for these sweet, enchanting, and evanescent "loves."

"Then I would not have my garden too extended. Not because flowers are not the most delicious things on earth, speaking to the sentiment as well as the senses, but on account of the intrinsic and superior value of moderation. When interests are divided, they are not so strong. Three acres of flowers and a regiment of gardeners bring no more pleasure than a sufficiency. Besides which, in the smaller possession, there is more room for the mental pleasure to step in, and refine all that which is sensual. We become acquainted, as it were, and even form friendships, with individual flowers. We bestow more care upon their bringing up and progress. They seem sensible of our favour, absolutely to enjoy it, and make pleasing returns by their beauty, health, and sweetness. In this respect, a hundred thousand roses which we look at *en masse*, do not identify themselves with us in the same manner as even a very small border; and hence, if the cottager's mind is properly attuned, the little cottage garden may give him more real delight than belongs to the owner of a thousand acres. All this is so entirely nature, that, give me a garden well kept, however small, two or three spreading trees, and a mind at rest, and I would defy the world."

"St. Lawrence," which divides the first volume with the foregoing, involves a metaphysical disquisition on free will, secondary causes, and supernatural agencies; but is heralded by a few striking superstitious stories, any one of which would make a prodigiously effective modern drama. Castle Campbell, on the Mull of Cantyre, with its storm and story of the cannibal, Sawney Bean; the tales of Lord Littleton and Mr. Andrews; and one of Sir Evan Nepean (less known, but perhaps, too well to admit of repetition), lead the way to a more detailed relation of a ghostly apparition in Derbyshire, which is so exceedingly well told, that we can only regret the impossibility of detaching any intelligible portion of it from the general mass. We can, therefore, only bid our readers to read also the Offley legend; whose only defect is a sad mangling of the Scotch dialect in its Edinburgh scenes.

With regard to "Fielding," however we may be tempted to do hereafter, we must for the present be contented to say, that it consists of the briefest sketches of London life and character; though never personal, often recognisable, and rather inclined to the satirical view of both. The first part is very desultory, and relates to passing people, whom a Sir G. Etheredge points out to a young country friend in town. We select a few passages, as specimens:—

"'And have you not, then,' replied Etheredge, 'ever heard of the struggles and strifes created by our artificial modes of life; of the consequent difficulties imposed by the laws of society; and the fetters in which most men, and all women, hold one another? It is the boast of Englishmen, that there are no privileged orders, and that the career of ambition, as well as of the law, is equally open to all. Such is our theoretical constitution. But look at our practice, and all is contradicted. Never was such a tyranny as that exercised by all classes over one another. The very equality of their legal rights makes them eager to surround themselves with a wall of ceremonies and interdictions, which cause our philosophers to laugh in their closets; but which, nevertheless, even they obey the moment they come into the world. It is the fashion to attribute this to the aristocracy alone. That is not so. There is fashion every where, and as many shades of it as divisions in the social ranks. The aristocracy being at the head, are, of course, more marked; but they have not more pride (perhaps they have less) than their inferiors. There is as much exclusiveness prevalent among tradesmen, churchmen, and lawyers (I am not so sure of the doctors), and a great deal more from great to little squires at a race-ball, as well as from both towards the citizens of a neighbouring town, as prevails among dukes and lords of the highest degree. Indeed, the difference is in favour of the latter, from their being higher bred, higher born, and further removed from rivalry. This difference prevailed a long time ago, and is not confined to England. You may remember La Bruyère,—'La ville est partagée en diverses sociétés, qui sont comme des petites républiques, qui ont leurs loix, leurs usages, leurs jargons, et leurs mots pour rire.' The contention is generally most fierce between the classes that most approximate to each other; as foreign potentates who are nearest neighbours are said to be the most natural enemies.' * * *

"After dinner, we, of course, fell upon politics; and the ministry were, of course, attacked and defended. One of the assailants was particularly violent against the personal character of the premier; he was a mere fool, if not something worse; unfit to be trusted, and suspected of betraying the people whom he had used as a stepping-stone. He was reproved as too personal in his reprehension. 'What motive can I have,' said he, 'but anxiety for the public good?' Alas! poor human nature! I afterwards found that the minister's lady had turned her back on the patriot's wife at court. 'But do not let that surprise you,' said my informant, 'for Marshal Ney met his death—that is he deserted Louis XVIII. and was shot for it—precisely from the same cause.'* I thought all this very strange; but I found from Etheredge, when I mentioned it to him, that it was very common. 'It is inconceivable how much may be done or undone by a bow or a curtsey, given or omitted. I have known a man of talent sulk for a twelvemonth with a lady of fashion, because she did not acknowledge his salute at the Opera, though the poor offender, being much engaged really did not see him. Another gifted person, much connected with the press, would never join the world in attacking a celebrated countess because she had appeared interested in his conversation at a dinner, and, on withdrawing, had dropped him a most graceful curtsey. From that time forth, while not unjustly blamed by his contemporary writers for a great deal of *hauteur*, the paper he was connected with always spoke of her as a pattern of condescension."

A literary character, and Mr. Ward's remarks, come too near home to a literary editor to be omitted, and we give them (except a few varieties) in conclusion for this number:—

"Tired of his gown, he thought the field of college exertion too contracted, and even that of a learned profession too confined; for he was a man of genius, an aspirer after general fame, and a candidate for possible power in the senate of the state, as well as the university. Very brilliant examples of success in these views swam perpetually before his eyes, in the recesses of his cloister and the twilight of his library:—rhetoricians, orators, and great civilians, with place, power, name, and often with wealth; at worst, leaders of the taste of the public, with a high seat in the rank and fashion of London. All this haunted his imagination. His reputation had spread to the metropolis, and he grew disdainful of college restraints and college companions. He panted to be in another sphere; and being forced to decide for the church, or give up his fellowship, he resolved upon the latter. He did this without having taken the slight precaution of examining the resources upon which he was to count, until his fortune should be made by letters; and he arrived in town with the means of, perhaps, six months' subsistence in his pocket. This at first did not much affect him; he had only to grasp his pen, and a mine was opened. Reviewers, and directors of literary works, got from three hundred to three thousand a-year. He would begin with the smaller first; but how to be made known to the dispensers of these graces, or, being known, how to obtain them, he had scarcely asked himself. Reputation, however, will always do something for a man at first; and his object being known, he had offers which, in his situation, he ought not to have despised. It was proposed to him to take a part in reviews; and examples of high place in the state acquired by writers who had thus begun, tempted him. But he was appalled to find that he was himself to undergo revision, before publication, and he refused. He was then offered the place of literary assistant to a great capitalist; that is, to advise him on the merits of manuscripts. But, though himself a writer of genuine taste, he knew absolutely nothing of the taste of the town, and hardly of the age. Some publishers proposed novels. But though he might know the manners of the Greeks, he knew nothing of May Fair; besides, he despised the name. Others offered high for a forcible political pamphlet. But though he knew Thucydides, he had little acquaintance with English parties, except by report, and none at all with foreign polity. He, however, so far listened to the conductor of one most influential paper, as to undertake a fair and impartial review (such was the title submitted to him) of the character and conduct of the different leaders. He did it, and with ability; but, to his consternation, he was told this was by no means what was wanted; that particular men and particular measures on one side were to be praised, and on the other abused, whatever the question, or whatever the consequence. He reasoned upon this palpable injustice with the conductor, who, however, only smiled, and told him he had no idea that a man who had got a university prize could be so raw. To his indignation he found that he was considered in the light of a hackney writer, who was to have no opinion of his own, but to do as he was bid. Thus foiled in one of his great objects,—to be a leader of the public sentiment,—he summoned his poetical talents to his aid, and out of old stories, and college exercises, and a re-publication of his prize composition, brought out some pathetic and polished verses and essays, which gained him at once a popularity he could not have expected. He who had been almost in want of a dinner now began to be almost fêted. The higher order of his university acquaintance patronised him; nay, made him an instrument to procure fresh patronage for themselves, by introducing him as the 'New Man of Genius,' covered with the laurels of promise. The doors of —— house were opened to him, and he was allowed to partake the elegant *récherche* of both table and boudoir in Burlington Street. In fact, he became a lion for the time; his pride, which had never abandoned him, even in his eclipse, again unfolded itself, and he looked to a further enlargement of that reception among the great and fashionable, which had so unexpectedly charmed him. But though he pursued this hope with eagerness, he was far from being thoroughly grounded in the niceties, difficulties, and fluctuations in the life of a man of letters. That equivocal nondescript, so well known and appreciated in France, is scarcely recognized, and certainly not appreciated here. The time never came, and never will in England, when a queen, finding Alain Chartier asleep, kissed the mouth which she said had uttered such beautiful strains. Letters appear to us all a flowery path; and, taken as relaxation from severer occupation, they are so. As a duty, and above all, as a profession, they become severe themselves. The nectar that is quaffed in moderation, and at intervals, is delicious and exhilarating; made a common beverage, and, above all, forced on us against our will, it becomes turbid, flat, and satiating. This Dryden experienced, when he contracted to furnish 10,060 lines for £500—a shilling a line! What must they feel whose pen is destined to provide their daily bread! Yet of those, many might have had

'Hearts once pregnant with celestial fire,'

and might still know what it is to generate

'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,'

but that the necessity of attending to the mechanism of the press, and the stern demands of the stomach, absorb all ideas but those of the printer's devil and a dinner. All then becomes, as it has been impressively called, 'heartless, reluctant labour,' and their genius languishes, sickens, and dies. Yet, smothered as it is by this necessity, it sometimes peeps out, and they are thought happy in their seducing pursuit; as Carlin, who so delighted the Parisian world by his humour, was thought to be diverted with it himself, although, at the very moment, consulting his physician on the hypochondriasis that killed him. It is evident, by what has been said, that no allusion is here made to

'The mob of gentlemen who write with ease,'

among whom Lackland affected to be enrolled. But the truth could not be disguised, even from himself, who, when he aspired (and most sincerely) to a higher meed, laboured by the same effort to keep himself from starving. * * * * In fact, though he had read Theophrastus, he had never read La Bruyère, or if he had, he had certainly forgotten the following passage:—'Souvent où le riche parle, et parle de doctrine, c'est aux doctes de se taire, écouter, et applaudir, s'ils veulent du moins ne passer que pour doctes.' * * * *

"If you do," said an advising friend, "still aspire to equality, or to be valued for your own personal sake, by these gods of your imagination, let no such notion of equality appear, but 'boo, and boo, and boo,' like Sir Pertinax; and write an epithalamium, which, though stuff, may tell on the strength of your works of real merit. Do this, and you may, perhaps, be tolerated. If, without this, you attempt to shine at the expense of your superiors; if, in short, you pretend to be anything, you soon will be nothing."

Now for the varieties, to close withal.

"'Chesterfield says, that 'outdoing is so near reproaching, that it will generally be thought very ill company. Any thing that shineth, says Lord H——, doth, in some measure, tarnish every thing that standeth next to it.'

* * * * * *

Lawyer's Bill.

	£	s.	d.
"To reading your letter, asking me to dinner	0	6	8
Answering ditto, that I would come	0	6	8
Taking a journey of thirty miles to your country seat, to propose your employing me instead of your present attorney, who could not serve you so well, which you refused	5	5	0
Loss of time	3	3	0
Writing several letters, combating your arguments against employing me	2	2	0
Postage of your three letters, declining my offers, 6s. 8d. each	1	1	0
	£12	4	4

N.B.—If this is thought too much, though allowable in law, I will submit to take ten guineas."

Anecdote.—"'But what has that worshipper of vellum and broad margins, Sir Elziver Page, done to you, for he told me you had left him off too? Yet he has a fine library, on which, I know he used to consult you.' 'Oh, I have cut him as a book man, ever since he told me he had got a bargain of an Herodotus, Gronovius edition, with *Variorum's* notes.'"

Axiom.—"That when service has done what was expected of it, and is no longer wanted, the servant is abandoned even to oblivion, unless he has resources of his own."

* He says himself he could not bear the coldness of the court towards his wife, whom he found in tears every night, on account of her reception there."

VOCAL CONCERTS.

Spohr's Crucifixion.—To report satisfactorily upon such a great work as Spohr's oratorio, after a single hearing, is next to impossible. On Monday evening, too, though everything had been done which it was in the power of the directors of the Vocal Society to do, the band was too scanty, and too unequally proportioned, and the solo voices not sufficiently forcible to give more than an outline of many of the most richly-coloured and prominent features of this elaborate composition.

We cannot but regret that Spohr did not choose some other passage of holy writ for musical illustration, for his choice has brought him into direct competition with Handel, and never was Handel mightier in his power and pathos than in the darker portions of the "Messiah";—with Haydn, in whose "Seven Words" the passion and the resignation of the tremendous scene are uttered with a sublimity and an intensity reached by the composer in none other of his sacred works,—with Bethoven, whose "Mount of Olives," more dramatic in its treatment than the above, brings before us the night in the Garden of Gethsamene so vividly as wholy to pre-occupy us, and make us averse to any subsequent representation. Yet more, by the way in which the story has been arranged, Spohr has been brought into competition with himself—the grander situations of his second oratorio being, more or less, re-productions of those treated by him so admirably in "The Last Judgment." And if to this similarity in subject we add the further drawback of the very remarkable *self-occupation* of this artist, from which results repetition, and thence mannerism, in their most striking, but least offensive, forms—it will be readily felt why his new work *ought* hardly to stand so high in popular estimation as his former one.

"The Crucifixion" is divided into five *scenes;* the first, on "the Mount of Olives," after a short and not very striking introduction, opening with a hauntingly sweet and melancholy chorus of his disciples—*music full of dew and twilight.* To this succeed a solo for John—an air of Judas Iscariot (the last most admirable in the gloomy restlessness of its instrumentation)—an air, with chorus, for Mary, the whole forms and even phrases of which have been previously employed in "The last Judgment" and "Vater Unser"—afterwards a few fragments of recitative—then another grand air, in which Peter's self-reproach for his cowardice is uttered in music too melancholy and luscious for the situation (this air we may say, was very finely sung by Mr. Ralfe)—the scene closing with a fugue, of which the subject appears to us but poor, and its treatment mechanical. The second scene is the "Judgment Hall," in parts of which we think that Spohr rises more fully and originally to his subject than in any other division of his work: nothing, indeed, can be more *malicious* than the music given to the false witnesses, with its responding chorus, and its whispering, slow, serpentine accompaniment of the orchestra. Of the fragments of recitative given to Nicodemus, Caiaphas, and Joseph of Arimathea, we are hardly able to judge. There is here an inevitable loss of effect by the necessary change made in the principal person of the scene, who is, in the English version, John the beloved disciple. The chorus, "Upon us be his blood," with which the first part of the oratorio concludes, is very fine and forcible. The third scene, commencing the second part, is "without the walls of Jerusalem": here we cannot but look back to Handel's "He was despised," and "Surely he hath borne our griefs." Spohr's music does not sink into the heart; it moves on gravely, but somewhat unimpressively, to the fourth scene, which is "Mount Calvary," and opens, after a short recitative, with a mocking chorus: rather Handelish in style, but how immeasurably smaller than that superb fugue in the Messiah, "He trusted in God!" To this succeeded fragments of recitative—in which John repeats the "seven words" with an air, a terzett, and several short chorusses between the pauses. The air, for Mary, is altogether of too tranquil a character; and the chance of its being delivered with the pathos which an impassioned singer can impart to yet poorer music, is totally destroyed by the voice being constantly hampered with rich *obligati* accompaniments, and thus rendered an accessory, not a principal. The terzett we have spoken of (for three female voices) is a far finer composition,—full of elevated hope and resignation,—the sentiment of it is felt, and not the science; though, on after-consideration, we feel how largely the latter contributed to the former. In the subsequent recitative (ending "It is finished,") and two chorusses,—the first, of the disciples,—and the second, descriptive of the earthquake,—we have Spohr's "Destroyed is Babylon," and "Blest are the departed," recast, with increased effect. The second chorus is tremendous in its gloomy and mysterious power: if we look at it, however, by the side of Haydn's "Terramotto,' we shall find that the elder composer is still superior, *as to conception*, though Spohr, from his having written on a more extended orchestral scale, commands, and has well employed a greater variety of colours, This chorus, like all its predecessors, was given with great precision; but the want of masses, both of voices and instruments, sufficient to give fulness without *noise*, was sensibly felt. The last scene, a recitative and chorus, is "the Sepulchre": there is a great charm, to us, in the repose of its music, which, though plaintive and solemn, is not desolate; it is the sorrow of Hope beside the tomb, looking upward to the realm where sorrow is not.

Our imperfect sketch of this fine work has extended to a length which prevents us from saying more concerning the individual performers, and the manner in which they acquitted themselves of the duties allotted to them, than that they had all studied, and that they all sung their parts carefully—with the disadvantage of an orchestra at times unsteady, and always deficient. The principal solos were taken by Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Mrs. E. Seguin, Miss Hawes, (we must commend these ladies for their performance of the terzett, which was *encored*) Master Coward, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. E. Taylor, to whom the credit of having introduced "The Crucifixion" to an English audience is due.

THE TWO QUEENS OF NAPLES.

By an English Traveller.

Fate has ordained that Naples should behold the public entry of two Queens in the little space of four years—two Queens, both young and handsome, though as different in their beauty and manners as we pray their destiny may be,—both came with every prospect of being blessed with a long period of happiness, if happiness indeed is to be found under the diadem. Of the Royal maidens of Europe, who could aspire to such an honour? Is there one who would not have rejoiced to be selected to grace the throne of a country so favoured by nature, and so rich in the monuments of past ages? Christina of Sardinia, the first chosen to fill that proud station—where is she? When the hearts of people were panting with expectation of the birth of their future King, and the loud salvoes of artillery announced the joyful event, the ever-to-be-pitied mother, in that most brilliant and happiest moment of a woman's career, was claimed by that ruthless power which respects not the exalted nor the low. In a few short days, surrounded by the gaudy trappings of grief, by the

"Sorrow deep, though mute—the garb of gloom—
The soldier's silence and the matron's tear—

was she borne to her last home in the Santa Chiara.

The second—Teresa of Austria—seated by the side of her Royal husband, passed in grand procession, but two months since, by that very church, on her way to the Cathedral, to invoke protection of the Patron Saint of Naples. What must the feelings of the illustrious pair have been as they approached that sacred depository of the Royal dead! Or, did the young Sovereign, forgetting past anxieties and sorrow in the hopes and festivity of the present, omit to point out to his bride the place where his first love lay mouldering in her grave! Is it then true that the bright star which covers the breast of Kings can freeze the heart beneath, and harden it against the pangs which memory may excite!

* * * * * *

The weather was murky and drizzling on the morning of the 30th November 1832, when a salute from the forts told the inhabitants of Naples that their King and his bride, Christina, had arrived in sight. Soon after the ship which bore them and the attendant frigates cast anchor in the bay off the Palace. Not within the memory of the present generation had such a thing occurred as the Sovereign bringing home his newly-married consort—a consort, too, wooed and won, not by the cold and formal exchange of portraits, and the diplomatic chicanery of courtly contracts. No. The young King, like a man sought her who was to be the partner of his throne, in the bosom of her family, and, as a chivalrous knight, having gained her love, married, and brought away the prize.

The excitement which prevailed throughout the city to see this new treasure of the Crown was intense, and, as soon as it was known that she was in the bay, we hurried down to the port, afraid that we should have much difficulty in procuring a boat to witness her landing. But, to our surprise, only a few persons, those most of them foreigners, had gone out to be present at this, which we had expected would have been an interesting scene. The enthusiasm of the Neapolitan is a sort of Will-'o-the-Wisp, leading you on with mighty confidence, but disappearing just at the moment it is most required. We rowed to the ship, at whose mast-head floated the blood-red standard of Royalty, and hardly approached when we perceived a bustle on the quarter-deck; a Royal barge dropped under the gangway, and the King handed a lady, superbly dressed, down the side into it. At that moment the sun broke forth, the clouds which had obscured Vesuvius rolled away, and disclosed the dense column of smoke rising from the summit—the yards were manned—the colours run up to deck the ships—and the loud cheers of their crews stole in amidst the thundering of their cannon, answered as it was by every fort on shore. The barge soon arrived at the private entrance to the Palace, where only a few chamberlains were waiting; and the

Queen of Naples, stepping on the narrow quay, took possession of her future home.

Scarcely had the peal of the cannon ceased when the war of the elements began: the rain poured down in a deluge; the lightning played vividly, and the thunder rattled and crashed fearfully over the city. Storm after storm followed for the remainder of the day and great part of the night.

Morning came—all was calm, clear, and beautiful: the Royal stranger might have awakened and believed herself to be transported to the sunny isles of the blessed, "where spring eternal reigns" That day, amid the glittering parade of troops and the joyful assemblage of their people, the youthful couple sought the blessing of the Church and San Gennaro on their union. That evening, according to old custom, she was presented in state at the Theatre of San Carlo, in the box of etiquette, and welcomed by the reiterated applause of thousands of her subjects. Every tongue spoke of her beauty, her dignity, her majestic mien, and the cup of a nation's joy was filled to the brim.

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On the 16th January 1836, the Queen gave birth to a son. On the 31st of the same month, the minute-gun and half-hoisted national flag showed that some Royal heart had ceased to beat. Alas! the mother was no more! Her short, her bright existence, was at an end! On the 7th of the next month the mourning crowd moved in silence round the gilded coach, whereon, in regal state, Cristina lay! On the 8th her body was removed with funereal pomp to the Church of Santa Chiara, where it was received by the noble ladies of Naples (who have the sad privilege of watching the body through the night), until the moment when next morning, it was consigned to the mausoleum of their Kings.

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It was about noon, on Thursday, the 26th January 1837, that the smoke, floating away from St. Elmo, and the roar of cannon, made known the approach of Teresa—that the King had a second time entered the city with a bride. But they had arrived two hours sooner than was expected, for the new Queen was to have received her first impression of the Toledo, and of the gay, pleasure-seeking Neapolitans, at a moment when it was filled with the populace, run mad in the boisterous hilarity with which they keep up the amusements and follies of the carnival. As it happened, there was no one to greet her, and the *cortége* hurried down the street among the ordinary loungers or busy pedestrians, who, supposing it to be some one of the young branches of the family, gave the cold accustomed salutation, the truth only flashing on them when too late to gratify their curiosity. Every one was disappointed; there was a novelty in the King bringing his bride through the crowd of his sugar-plum pelted subjects, introducing them to her in that dress which is supposed most to become them.

The next morning the long vista of streets, from San Ferdinando to the Durmo, was lined with regular troops, and the national or civil guard: the balconies were crowded with the rank and beauty of Naples, in anxious expectation to catch a glimpse of the principal actress in the exhibition. At eleven a gun announced that the procession had started First came the two drummers and a company of halberdiers of the Court; after them the state carriage of respect, empty, save that it is supposed to be blessed by the presence of the spirit of the last Monarch; then a long string of carriages filled with the chamberlains on duty; a body of the mounted national guard of honour preceded by the Court-running footmen, dressed in their ancient costume of blue and silver; then the pages; and at last the state coach, accompanied by the *guardia nobile* and the equerries; after them came the baby heir, Prince Leopold of Syracuse, Prince Antonio, and the two boy Princes, each in his separate carriage, and with his appropriate suite. The whole was closed by the national guard of honour and a troop of the Royal Hussars. The King was in the uniform of the heavy dragoons, the Queen in full Court dress, her head perfectly dazzling with brilliants arranged in a tiara. They were both in high-good humour, talking occasionally, and returning the salutations of the crowd. There seemed, however, more curiosity to see the young Queen than anxiety to do her honour or give her welcome. Had she been a French Princess, how different it would have been, we may judge from the universal joy which was spread among both high and low, the hopes that were raised when it was reported, last October, that there was a probability, nay, almost a certainty, of a Queen's coming from the west. Every one now asked what could have induced the King to forsake so suddenly "*mi cara bella sposa*," as he was wont in Paris to call Louis Philippe's daughter, and seek an Austrian for his spouse? There must have been some deep intrigue to bring about this change, and it was evident that the people showed their disappointment, looking with no agreeable feelings on this additional link in the chain which has bound them too long to the dictation and policy of Vienna.

They returned to the Palace in the same manner, and the troops marched into the square opposite to it, filling that vast area. On entering the Palace the Queen passed into the *entrée* room, where the great officers of state, the chamberlains, the ladies of the Court, the foreign ministers, their wives, and suite, were presented. That ceremony over, she came out on the covered balcony to view the imposing sight prepared for her; for imposing it was to see that magnificent square, flanked on the three sides by Royal Palaces, and on the fourth by the splendid arcade and portico of the new church of Francesco de Paulo, crammed with 10,000 well-equipped men, each regiment filing off in succession, and marching under the balcony, their bands playing, their colours flying.

We have said the two Queens differed in their beauty and manner, inasmuch as one was of a tall, imposing figure, not altogether perfect, for there was a want of development in the bust. Her complexion and hair were more like those of an Englishwoman than of an Italian—fair, light, and beautiful, her blue eyes beaming with that soft expression made up of mildness and modesty. Her features were not regular, the lower ones being too long and large, projecting with unpleasant effect to a countenance otherwise prepossessing. But there was no mark of intelligence impressed on them, but an expression partaking of the coldness and reserve of her manner, which, nevertheless, was dignified, and when she was pleased to bestow a smile, it was one of exquisite sweetness. On state occasions she would bow, merely as an act of form, to her own subjects, who caught her hand and kissed it, and pass on, moving with that stately manner which became the Queen, hackneyed in the etiquette of Courts, more than the young woman of twenty, brought from domestic retirement to partake of a throne. In public she never returned the salutation of any person, but sat in her carriage, or walked unmoved by the polite attention offered her.

They say she was charitable. A perfect bigot in her religious prejudices, she was most certainly under the guidance of the priests, and it is more than probable they extorted large sums from her under the excuse of charity. But we will not seek to rake up aught of evil of her. She was not on the throne long enough to effect much, and her untimely end calls for our pity.

The present Queen is short, below the ordinary stature, but graceful in form; her hair dark, her eyebrows well arched, and her eyes sparkling with intelligence and spirit. The upper part of her face is moulded in perfection; there is, however, a peculiarity in the form of her upper lip and mouth, which at first sight is not agreeable; but it is soon lost in the playfulness and captivating expression of the whole features. She gains upon you. Her manner is more elegant than dignified. Her arm is beautiful, round, soft, white, and was adorned with a bracelet of diamonds. One might envy the privileged hundreds who have kissed that fair hand, some with most audible proofs of their devotion; and there have been observed more than one stout officer, who in their adoration have sunk so completely on their knees that they have with difficulty regained their position. She has ever been the idol of those connected with her, and it may be regarded as certain she will soon acquire the affections of all those whom her present station will admit to her society, or to approach her. She is capricious; fond of dress, if we may believe report: be it so; the first is that of a girl, and will soon wear off; the second, if not carried to excess, and guided by good taste, will benefit the country, and surely cannot be considered as a fault in a young, handsome, and wealthy Queen. No, no; she will soon become a more popular Queen than her predecessor.

In the evening of the day in question she appeared at San Carlo, in the state-box, and the theatre was filled to the ceiling—its thousand large wax lights, and numberless smaller ones, casting a blaze of light which showed to advantage the splendid dresses and the jewels which sparkled on every side, in every tier. The pit was crammed principally by officers, and had a fine effect; but, after all, we prefer our own Opera House on a drawing-room night, where more beauty is to be seen in five or six boxes than in the whole of San Carlo. The opera was very mediocre; for there is not a singer here worth listening to, and the Donizetti clang of drum and trumpet resounds for ever, to the destruction of all melody. The ballet was as bad; its only saving dance, a bolero, by two dancers, who did it to perfection. On the entrance of the Royal Family the audience rose, and there were three rounds of applause. The old Queen-Mother sat, like a diamond ball, in the centre, the King on her right, the young Queen, like a sylph from the starry zone, on her left. She talked incessantly to her mother-in-law, but seemed most pleased when the moment arrived when she could escape from all the dullness and weariness of state-show, and be relieved from this, the last scene in the drama of acting the Queen. Y.

THE MUTILATION AND MURDER IN THE EDGEWARE ROAD—EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION.

Our readers, although revolting as we do from the horrible and disgusting details with which the daily papers teem on the discovery of such an atrocity as the Edgware murder, cannot have forgotten the extraordinary circumstances attending the discovery in one place of a human trunk, from which the head and limbs had been separated, and the finding afterwards, in very different places, the disfigured head and mutilated members of the murdered woman.

On Monday, a man named *James Greenacre*, a stout-made middle-sized man of fifty years, a cabinet-maker, living at No. 1, St. Alban's-place, Lambeth, and *Sarah Gale*, a woman of about thirty years of age, were placed at the bar at Marylebone police-office, charged with being concerned in the murder. The man having attempted to strangle himself while at the station-house, appeared very weak in body, but in mind perfectly indifferent to his situation. The woman had with her a child four years of age, and appeared still less interested in the result of the examination. Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Shutt, Lord Montfort, and Mr. Dyer were on the Bench. The office was crowded, and immense numbers of persons were congregated in its neighbourhood. Pegler, No. 104, of the S. division of the police, described the first discovery of the body; adhering to it were scrapings of wood finer than shavings, and some rags were found near it, one of which appeared to match an infant's frock found in the house of the prisoner. Elizabeth Corney, the wife of a shoemaker, said that Hannah Brown lodged in the front kitchen of her husband's house, No. 45, Union street, and lived by washing and mangling; that on the 24th Dec. she left the place with a man resembling the prisoner, to whom she said she was about to be married; she sold all her goods and took her trunks with her. Witness had not inquired about her, as she understood she would go abroad with her husband. She believed that the head she had seen at the Paddington workhouse was that of Hannah Brown. Hannah Davies, wife of a cabinet maker in Bartholomew-close, knew Hannah Brown. She was to have been married to Mr. Greenacre, and the daughter of witness was to be her bridesmaid; her husband was to give her away, and the party was to dine at her house. Greenacre had often called with Mrs. Brown at the witness's house, and about a fortnight before the intended marriage he said that he should take his wife to America. He afterwards came and said he had broken off the marriage with Mrs. Brown, finding that she had deceived him in regard to her property. William Gay, the brother of Hannah Brown, said that he had seen little lately of his sister, who was of a strange temper, and had quarrelled with him. They came up from Norwich together two years ago. The prisoner had told him of his intended marriage, and afterwards of its being broken off. He had no doubt that the head of the murdered woman was that of his sister. She never had any child, but adopted a little girl who had lived with her at Norwich where she (the little girl) still remained. Inspector Feltham described his arrest of Greenacre, and the woman whom he took in the act of concealing a watch. Greenacre, when asked if he had any thing to say, observed, "A great many falsehoods have been stated about me. I will now state the facts. It is true that I was to have been married to Mrs. Brown, and there are circumstances about it which may cost me my life; but this female by my side is in no way implicated in the affair. When I courted Mrs. Brown she told me she could at any time command from £300 to £400, and I told her I was possessed of property to some amount, which was not the case, so that there was duplicity on both sides. On Christmas-eve Mrs. Brown came to my lodgings in Carpenter's buildings; she was the worse for liquor; we had tea together about eight o'clock, and Mrs. Brown sent out for some rum, which she drank in her tea, which made her worse. I thought this a favourable opportunity to press her regarding her property, when she confessed she had none. I expressed my displeasure at being deceived, when she made a laugh of the matter, and said I was as bad as she was, as I had deceived her as regarded my property. She then began to sneer and laugh, at the same time rocking backward and forward in the chair, when I gave it a kick, and she fell backwards in it to the floor. Her head came with great violence against a lump of wood behind her, which I had been using; this alarmed me very much. I took her by the hand and lifted her up, and found, to my astonishment, that she was no more. I concluded I should be put down for a murderer. I was greatly excited, and came at length to the resolution not to call any one in, but to dispose of the body in the manner which has been so fully before the public, thinking it would be the safest and most prudent plan. (At this relation a thrill of horror ran through the office, and it was some time before silence could be obtained.) No other person but myself witnessed the scene I have related, or had any knowledge of the disposal of the body." The prisoners were remanded till Saturday. —*London paper.*

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL DANIEL DELAVAN,

OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

From the New York Mirror. By George P. Morris.

Let not a tear be shed!
Of grief give not a token,
Although the silver thread
And golden bowl be broken!
A warrior lived—a christian died!
Sorrow's forgotten in our pride!

Go, bring his battle-blade,
His helmet and his plume!
And be his trophies laid
Beside him in the tomb,
Where files of time-marked veterans come
With martial tramp and muffled drum!

Give to the earth his frame,
To moulder and decay;
But not his deathless name—
That cannot pass away!
In youth, in manhood, and in age,
He dignified his country's page!

Green be the willow-bough
Above the swelling mound,
Where sleeps the hero now
In consecrated ground:
Thy epitaph, oh Delavan!
God's noblest work—an honest man!

Summary.

We understand that Mr. Cooper and Mr. Whitmarsh are forthwith to be raised to the rank of King's Counsel. This step will vacate the Commissionership of Lunatics, held by the latter gentleman, in which he will probably be succeeded by Mr. William Russell.

In addition to the fatal accident by which Mr. Clarkson, the Magistrate of the Thames Police Office, has loft his life, we have to announce the death, after two days' illness, of Sir Henry Frederick Cooke, K.C.H. C.B., &c. &c. Sir Henry had attained the rank of Major-General by the last brevet, and had only recently succeeded to the estates and fortune of his elder brother, the gallant General Sir George Cooke.

It is also our duty to announce the death of Joseph Jekyll, Esq. at the advanced age of eighty-two. The ability and learning, and, above all the conversational qualities of this gentleman are too well known to need a word of remark here: he was one of the most agreeable and popular men of his day.

Death of the Bishop of Norwich.—The death of this venerable prelate took place on Wednesday night at his house in Hertford-street, May-fair, after a lingering though not a severe struggle. Dr. Bathurst was the son of Benjamin Bathurst, Esq., younger brother of Allan, first Lord Bathurst. He was born on the 16th of October, 1744, and was consequently in the 93d year of his age. He married Grace, a sister to the late Lord Castlecoote, who died the 16th of April, 1833.

The *Bons Sens* says, that the Marquess of Londonderry recently had a narrow escape from assassination at Warsaw, where he attended in the dress of an English general officer, at a grand review which took place in commemoration of the capture of that city by the Russians. A pistol was fired at him, but fortunately without effect.

The late Mrs. Fitzherbert has bequeathed the greatest portion of her property equally between her two nieces, Mrs. Dawson Damer and Mrs. Jerningham, Lady Hervey Bathurst and the others having comparatively small legacies. It is rumoured that an annuity of £8,000 per annum reverts to the crown, since the demise of this lady. Her jointure from her first marriage was £6,000 a-year, which she relinquished after her last alliance; since then the sum of £8,000 was granted.

Mr. Bartley has been appointed joint trustee and treasurer of Covent-Garden Theatrical Fund, in the room of Mr. Fawcett. Mr. Bartley has declined receiving any remuneration.

Death of the Countess of Moray.—The demise of the above respected and amiable lady, took place at Willoughby-house, Cheltenham, on Monday last. The deceased countess was the daughter of Sir Philip Ainslie, and was the second wife of the present Earl of Moray.

Hamburgh papers bring us accounts from Tripoli of the 10th ult., which state that the plague was raging in a most frightful degree. The population of whole villages had been carried off, and all the European consuls had fled. Quadrupeds had also been attacked by this fatal disease.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Leeds was held on the 28th ultimo, to petition both Houses of Parliament to pass the Ministerial measure for the abolition of Church-rates. In the first instance, the meeting was held in the Court-house; but as that place was immediately crowded, the assembly adjourned to the Cloth-hall, where about 7000 persons were collected. Speeches in favour of the abolition of Church-rates were delivered by Mr. Rawson, Mr. Scales, Mr. Giles, and others. A resolution, requesting Mr. Baines to present and Sir William Molesworth to support the petition to the House of Commons, and Lord Brougham to present that to the Peers, was adopted.

The *Liverpool Standard* says, that Mr. Creswell, a leading barrister on the Northern circuit, is to be the second Tory candidate for Liverpool.

Sir George Staunton has announced to the electors in South Hants, that he means to decline being a candidate for that division of the county. Sir George states his reason for retiring to be, that he finds some of his supporters do not coincide with him in opinion as to the expediency of the Irish Church Appropriation-clause; and he is unwilling that any act of his should lead to disunion among the Reformers of the county. Sir George is opposed to the Appropriation-clause, and to the abolition of Church-rates.

The Tories at Brighton elected their Churchwardens; but this advantage is overbalanced by the appointment of four Liberal Overseers by the Magistrates of the town.

The Duke of Somerset is to have the Garter worn by the late Marquess of Bath.

The Fifth Regiment recently embarked at Malta for the Ionian Islands. The officers are reported to be on the sick list from sore throats, occasioned by shaving off the large whiskers and beards which they had of late indulged in, contrary to the regulations of the Army —*Standard.*

EXTEMPORE,

On hearing Sir Robert Peel's generous advocacy of Mr. Hume's motion, for preserving portions of common lands about to be inclosed, for the use and recreation of the labouring classes, in the neighbourhood of large towns.

In this wise age, when Party rules the day,
Some Patriots strive to sweep the Peers away,
Bishops, and all. While some amidst the storm
Would, further still, the Commons House reform;
But Peel, to show what genuine zeal can do,
Upholds the Lords, and saves the Commons too.

The Reformers of Finsbury are to give Messrs. Duncombe and Wakley a public dinner at White Conduit-house on the 19th instant; Mr. Ward in the chair. Mr. O'Connell and Sir William Molesworth have promised to attend this dinner.

On Tuesday, Mr. Timothy Curtis was chosen Governor of the Bank of England, and Sir John Rae Reid Deputy Governor. On Wednesday, the "house-list" of Directors, including most of the old Directors, was chosen without opposition.

The weavers in Spitalfields are much distressed for want of employment. They had a meeting on Tuesday evening, at which resolutions were passed declaring their wish for work, but not asking for charitable assistance; men, they said, who were willing to labour should not be left, in this rich country, to beg or starve.

Good News for Young Malsters.—At a Temperance Meeting the other day in London, one of the speakers predicted that, in 100 years time, a mashtub would be exhibited in the British Museum as a great curiosity!!

Mr. Litton, King's Counsel, will start for Coleraine at the next election, in the Conservative interest, in opposition to the present Member, Alderman Copeland.

In Clonmel, the Liberals have gained by the late registries 14, the Tories 5; in Carlow town, the Liberals 13, the Tories 6; in Queen's County, Liberals 3, Tories 6; in Londonderry, Liberals 20, Tories 46; Longford County, Liberals 31, Tories 11.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF CHEATING AT CARDS.

In addition to the anecdotes which have been recently furnished on the subject of cheating at cards in high society, the following trait remains to be related. About twenty years ago a gentleman, known as the Baron de Mor—t, became prominent in the fashionable circles of the Chaussée d'Antin, who was observed to live at the rate of four or five thousand a year, without any known source of income. The Baron gave excellent dinners, splendid balls, and, possessed of a handsome person and good manners, became a universal favourite; by degrees he made his way to the very best society in Paris.

About five years ago, however, the Baron was observed to drop his opera-box, then an equipage, and at length his costly dinner parties; and just as these circumstances were beginning to excite unsatisfactory surmises, he was found one morning dead in his bed. The Commissary of Police was immediately called in, and, as is usual in such cases, an inventory of the effects of the deceased made out—when lo! in the Baron's bed-room were discovered two large cases of packs of cards, all of which proved to be slightly marked on the backs with *aqua fortis*. On examination and inquiry, it appeared that the confidential valet de chambre of Monsieur de M. was in the habit of making acquaintance with the valets of the opulent families whose parties were frequented by his master. "You furnish the cards for your lady's *soirées?*" he used to inquire—"how much do you pay a pack?" "Four francs." "Exorbitant! I can let you have as many as you like for *two*. My brother is foreman to a card manufactory, and has a right to those that are slightly damaged—*so* slightly, that it is scarcely discernible" By these means the Baron de M. came to furnish cards to all the parties and balls he frequented, from the *écarté* tables of which he was in the habit of carrying home two or three thousand francs a night. The death of his accomplice gave the first blow to his system of fraud, and before he had time to find another rogue fitted for his purpose, the pressure of sudden difficulties overpowered him, and he died of a fit of apolexy.

At the Court at St. James's, the 5th day of April, 1837, present, the King's most excellent Majesty in Council.

This day the Right Hon. James Alexander Stewart Mackenzie was, by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's most honourable privy council, and took his place at the board accordingly.

St. James's Palace, April 5.—This day M. Tricoupi, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the King of Greece, had an audience of his Majesty to deliver a letter from his Sovereign: to whom he was introduced by Lord Viscount Palmerston, his Majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, and conducted by Sir Robert Chester, knight master of the ceremonies.

St. James's Palace, April 5.—The King was this day pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood upon James Duke, Esq. Sheriff of London and Middlesex.

St. James's Palace, April 5.—The King was this day pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood upon Francis Forbes, Esq. Chief Justice of New South Wales.

Whitehall, April 1.—The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint Major-General Sir James Douglas, K.C.B., to be Lieutenant Governor of the island of Guernsey, in the room of Major-General John Ross.

Whitehall, April 5.—The Lord Chancellor has appointed William Middleton, of Leeds, in the county of York, to be a master extraordinary in the High Court of Chancery.

War-Office, April 7.—Scots Fusilier Gds.: Colour-Serj. G. Copeland to be quartermastar, v. W. Thompson, who rets. upon h. p.—4th Regt of Ft.: Lt. T. M. Chambers to be Capt. by pur. v. Faunce, who rets.; Ens. G. King to be Lt. by pur. v. Chambers; J. Cross, gent., to be Ens., by pur. v. King.—6th Ft.: Lt. J. Wilson to be Capt. without pur. v. Drury, dec.; Lt. I. Lumley to be Capt. by pur. v. Nolan, who rets.; Ens. H. C. English to be Lt v. Wilson; Ens. G. M. Atkins to be Lt. by pur. v. Lumley; Gent. Cdt. E. Montagu, from the Rl. Ml. Cl. to be Ens. v. English; J. E. Robertson, gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Atkins.—7th Ft.: Second Lt. T. Butler, from the 60th Regt. of Ft. to be Lt. by pur. v. Mildmay, prom.—16th Ft.: W. S. Carter, gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Abbott.—18th Ft.: G. F. Call, gent., to be Ens. by pur. v. Tongue, app. to the 30th Regt. of Ft.—22 Ft.: Sur. J. Chambers, from the 64th Reg,. to be Sur. v. Fogerty who exes.—30th Ft.: Ens. J. Tongue, from the 18th Regt. of Ft. to be Ens. v. Fitzgerald, prom. in the 2d West I. Regt.—39th Ft.—Ens. A. R. Marshall to be Lt. without pur. v. Harding, dec.; Gent. Cadt. C. J. Walker, from the Rl. Ml. Cl. to be Eds. v. Marsha'l.—48th Ft.: Capt. H. Ward, from the h.p. of the 5th Drag. Gds. to be Capt. v. Vander Meulen, prom.—60th Ft.: Wm. L. Grant, Gent. to be second Lt. by pur. v. Butler, prom. in the 7th Regt. of Ft.—64th Ft.: Surgeon Michael Fogerty, from the 22d Regiment of Ft. to be Surgeon vice Chambers, who excs.,—76th Ft.: Lt. H. Trevelyan to be Capt. by pur. v. Hilton, who rets.; Ens. C. Fenwick to be Lt. by pur. v. Trevelyan; W. W. Senhouse, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Fenwick; Staff-Asst; Sur. W. Birrell, M D., to be surg. v. Smith, app. to the staff.—77th Do: Serj.-Maj. T. Smedley to be quartermaster, v. J. Powell, who rets. upon h. p.—89th Do: Capt. F. Moore, from the h. p. Unatt. to be capt. v. R. T. Healey, who exchs.—95th Do: Capt. H. St. John Mildmay from the h. p. Unatt. to be capt. v. Wm. Newhouse, who ex. rec. the diff.—2d West India Regt.: Ens. L. C. W. Fitzgerald, from the 80th Regiment of Foot, to be Lieutenant by purchase vice Parnther, who retires.—Unatt.: Capt. C. J. V. Meulen, from the 48th Regt. of Ft. to be Maj. without pur.; Lt. W. D. Deverell, from the 47th Regt. of Ft. to be Capt. without pur.; Lt. H. St. John Mildmay, from the 7th Regt. of Ft. to be Capt. by pur.—Hosp. Staff: Surg. P. Smith, from the 76th Regt. of Ft. to be Surg. to the forces, v. Kidd, prom.—Memorandum: Capt G. S. Cotter, upon h. p. of the 69th Ft. has been allowed to retire from the service by the sale of an unattached commission, he being about to become a settler in the colonies.

Office of Ordnance, April 6.—Royal Regt. of Art.: 1st Lt. J. M. Savage to be 2d Capt. v. Runnacles, ret. on h. p.; 2d Lt. G. A. Maude to be 1st Lt. v. Savage.

Corps of Rl. Eng.: 2d Lt. C. Fanshawe to be 1st Lt. v. Allen, dec.; 2d Capt. A. Henderson to be Capt v. Lanny, placed on the ret. list; 1st Lt. W. B. Marlow to be 2d Capt. v. Henderson; 2d Lieut. F. E. Chapman to be 1st Lieut. v. Marlow.

Imperial Parliament.

THE ARMY—LORD HILL.

House of Commons, April 6.

Lord HOWICK stated to the Committee, that the number of men would be the same as last year, but there would be a decrease of charge amounting to £10,375. He explained, that on the effective service there would be an increase, on the non-effective a decrease, and that the balance would be the above-mentioned sum. The increase on the effective service was caused by a new regulation, which gave an augmentation of pay and of retiring pensions as a reward for good conduct to the privates. He moved that the sum of £3,111,652 be granted for the charges of his Majesty's land forces at home and abroad, exclusive of India.

Mr. HUME said that he should move that the Chairman report progress, on account of the very thin attendance of Members.

Some conversation between Lord Howick and Mr. Hume ensued; and finally, Mr. Hume agreed to allow the business to proceed. He then complained that the number of men should be so much greater than in 1792, and even in 1822; and moved to reduce the vote by £500,000, equal to a reduction of 10,000 men.

Lord HOWICK reminded the Committee, that our Colonial possessions were much greater now than in 1792; and maintained, that the reduction which took place in 1822 was injudicious, as it had been found necessary to increase the force, by raising six new regiments in 1823.

After a few words from Mr. RICHARDS, General SHARPE, and Mr. BARLOW HOY, Mr. Hume's motion was rejected, by 48 to 11.

The remaining items were voted with little opposition, and the Committee rose.

The report was brought up on Thursday. On the item that £56,917 be granted for salaries of officers and clerks,

Mr. HUME moved to reduce the sum by £4000, the amount of Lord Hill's salary. He did not impute misconduct in the management of his department to Lord Hill; but Lord Hill maintained opinions which were opposed to the progress of Reform, and it was everywhere said out of doors that it was shameful in Ministers to retain a Tory Commander-in-Chief. The same remark applied to the Military Secretary, Lord Fitzroy Somerset; and he should therefore add his salary, and move that that the item be reduced by £6,282.

The question was put, and strangers were ordered to withdraw; when

Lord HOWICK rose suddenly, and said—"I wish to state, before strangers withdraw, that I entirely differ with the Honourable Member for Middlesex on this subject. The duties of a Commander-in-Chief have been exceedingly well executed by Lord Hill; and I therefore most confidently hope that the House will not agree to withhold his salary."

Mr. EWART said, that the manner in which Lord Hill performed his duties was not the point, but the political principles he professed—

It was a duty that the Government owed to themselves and to the country, to remove Lord Hill from his present office. Whilst they suffered him to retain it, their sincerity as Liberals and Reformers would be doubted by the great mass of the people. Supposing the Tories to be in power, was it probable that they would for a moment allow the Government of the Army to remain in the hands of a Whig Commander-in-Chief? Why, then, should the Whigs be content to retain a Tory in that high and important office?

Mr. ROBINSON said, he did not wish to see every department of the Government filled with partisans; and he especially disapproved of the conversion of the Army into a political body.

Mr. ROEBUCK said, that such was not the object of Mr. Hume, who simply contended that the chief officers of a Liberal Government should be Liberal also—

Ministers never seemed disposed to say much upon the subject of Lord Hill being retained at the head of the Army. He believed the short reason for it to be this—that the Whigs, on coming into office, found that they could not come in if they turned Lord Hill out. Now, if they were really a Liberal Government, as they professed to be, he thought they ought not to have consented to come in unless Lord Hill were turned out. The country had a right to have expected such an instance of firmness from them.

Captain MAURICE BERKELEY could furnish Mr. Hume with an instance to prove that there existed strong political feelings at the Horse-Guards—

A gentleman in Gloucestershire, having amassed considerable property, died, leaving the whole of that property to his son. This son wishing to get into a different station of life, wanted to travel abroad; and for that purpose he was desirous of wearing the British uniform. He accordingly applied to the heads of the Whig party in Gloucestershire, but who could not obtain for him the purchase of a commission in any regiment whatsoever. Every excuse that could possibly be made was resorted to; which put it quite out of the question that that gentleman should obtain a commission by such means. Finding it impossible to get a commission from the heads of the Whig party, he went to the family of the Duke of Beaufort; Lord Fitzroy Somerset being Secretary at the Horse-Guards. He fairly and distinctly said to Lord Segrave—"My family have always hitherto been Whigs, and not on the same side of politics as the Somersets; but if a commission can be got for me from the Horse Guards through the influence of the Beaufort family, we shall in future be on the Tory side." [Cheers and laughter.] The application, he believed, (but he should be sorry to state it as a fact without knowing it to be such,) was made through Lord Edward Somerset; and in the space of a short time, permission came down from the Horse Guards to Gloucestershire for the gentleman on whose behalf application had been made to purchase a commission. [Hear, hear.] A commission was purchased accordingly; and that gentleman and all whom he could command had been Tories ever since. [Cheers and laughter.]

Lord HOWICK said, that having had no notice that this circumstance would be mentioned, it was quite impossible that he could be prepared with an explanation of it. He really thought that Captain Berkeley should not have mentioned it without notice; and he begged the House to suspend its opinion until, through some friend, Lord *Edward* Somerset should have an opportunity of explaining it.

Captain BERKELEY said, that all the circumstances had been mentioned to Earl Grey, when he was at the head of Government.

Mr. GROTE said, he had understood that Lord Howick challenged Members to bring forward specific cases; and now, when a specific charge was made, Lord Howick complained of it. He did not understand that mode of proceeding—

No answer had been given to the question put by Mr. Hume—namely, "would Sir Robert Peel, if he had remained in office, have retained a Commander-in-Chief who was a Whig?" If the gentlemen opposite were prepared to answer that question in the affirmative, then he would admit that they were now acting with consistency; but if they could not do so, then it was quite clear that they were not able to carry out the principle for which they were now contending.

Mr. ARTHUR TREVOR said, nobody could believe that Lord Hill was swayed by political feeling. No stress whatever should be laid on the circumstance mentioned by Captain Berkeley, brought forward as it had been without notice.

Mr SANFORD never could understand why, when a change of Administration took place, and the head of the Navy was changed, the head of the Military department shall not be changed also—

He believed that the country had suffered very considerably in consequence of such a distinction being made between the two services. When Earl Grey first came into office, the Right Honourable Baronet the Member for Cumberland was placed at the head of the Admiralty: and the House was aware that many alterations were made by that Right Honourable Baronet in the civil department of the Admiralty, which had worked great advantages to the country. He believed that the saving effected by those alterations amounted in one year to between a million and a million and a half. Now, it was his firm belief that if a similar change had taken place at the head of the Military department, the country would have reaped an equally great advantage from it.

Mr. G. F. Young said, the reply to Mr. Sanford was very obvious—

With the duties of the First Lord of the Admiralty was combined the superintendence of the civil department of the Navy; whereas with the administration of the civil affairs of the Army the Commander-in-Chief had nothing whatever to do; therefore it did not belong to his department to introduce those economical improvements in the civil department of the Army, which were effected in the Naval department by the First Lord of the Admiralty when Sir James Graham was appointed.

Mr. AGLIONBY observed, that it could be easily proved that the Commander-in-Chief had a control over the civil affairs of the Army, and therefore Mr. Young ought to vote with Mr. Hume.

Colonel THOMPSON was satisfied that, by voting with Mr. Hume, he did not impugn the military character of Lord Hill. The object of his motion on the previous day was simply political.

Mr. WYNN contended, that a motion of this nature should not have been brought forward indirectly. He challenged any Member to produce particulars of abuse of patronage by Lord Hill.

Captain BERKELEY said, he would not have stated the circumstance unless he had been satisfied as to its occurrence—

He was quite ready to state the names of the parties. The name of the gentleman applying for the commission was Lovesey; the party through whom the first application was made to the Horse Guards, and refused, was Lord Segrave; the party through whom the second application was made to the Horse Guards, and complied with, was, as he had already stated, one of the noble members of the Beaufort family.

The House divided: for Mr. Hume's amendment, 26; against it, 72.

THE DECCAN PRIZE-MONEY.

House of Commons, April 13.

Mr G. R. ROBINSON inquired of Mr. RICE whether it was the intention of his Majesty's Government to order any distribution of the Deccan prize-money? and if so, whether any difference would be made between the actual and constructive captures.

Mr. RICE replied, that the Hon. Member for Worcester was well aware that the distribution rested, not with him or the Government, but with the Commissioners who had been appointed for that purpose. However, in consequence of the notice given to him by the Hon. Member yesterday, he (Mr. RICE) had communicated with the Commissioners, and had received an answer to the following effect—that the further distribution of the Deccan prize-money depended on the sale of a certain valuable jewel, well known to the parties concerned, and which was advertised for sale by public auction in the month of July, 1837; and that it further depended upon the issue of a trial or cause pending in the Supreme Court of Bengal, and a decision of claims for interest between certain parties and the persons interested in the prize-money. It was therefore on the sale of the jewel and the termination of these causes that a further distribution would take place.

EVILS OF THE REFORM ACT.

From the Atlas, Whig paper.

The efforts of the ultra-Liberal members of the House of Commons to extend the constituency in our cities and boroughs, have not obtained the consideration they deserve. They are not random efforts, but part of a system, the secret object of which is first, to make the constituency of the whole empire almost exclusively Radical, and secondly to give these ultra-Liberals a preponderating influence in the Lower House of Parliament.

Whoever will take the pains to examine the proportion which the municipal electors bear to the rural, and the relation of both to the representation, will find that the former have already more—far more—than their due weight in the scale of our political economy. Assuming, in round numbers, the population of England and Wales at 14 millions, the proportion between that of the counties and that of the cities and boroughs is as 9 to 5; that is, the rural population is nearly double that of the municipal. If numbers, then, were to be admitted as the basis of representation, the former ought to send twice as many members to the House of Commons as the latter. But what is the fact? That while the 9 millions return only 158 members, the 5 millions return 342! Yet this vicious disproportion is the result of Lord Grey's Reform Bill.

But, it may be alleged, if the rural population is so much greater than the municipal, the latter can show a greater number of electors. Now if even this were the case, it would argue very little for the avowed principles of the Ultra Liberals—that population is the only good basis of suffrage. What! could our Humes and Wakleys, and Roebucks contend for a moment—consistently, we mean, with their principles—that 9 millions should exercise a less extent of suffrage than 5 millions? But the fact is otherwise; for while the municipal electors are only 281,282, those of the counties are 362,625.

To every reflecting mind these statements must appear extraordinary. In the first place, what principle of calculation at all accordant with his political professions, could have induced Lord Grey to determine that the nine millions should exercise a suffrage only one-fourth greater than the five millions, when, according to his theory it ought to be double? In the second place, how account for the anomalous fact that these 281,282 are enabled to return more than twice as many members as the 362,625? In other words, and to expose the absurdity more clearly, that sapient legislator resolved that while five millions of population and a quarter of a million of constituency sent 342 members to the House, nine millions of a population and a constituency one-fourth greater, should send no more than 158! Was ever anything so monstrous, so insulting to common sense and common justice as this! And this is the result of the glorious Reform Bill! To think of the English people clamouring for such a measure! John Bull may be, what he prides himself, a "very good-natured animal," but the *species* to which he belongs is no problem.

The motives which induced the authors of the Reform Bill to sacrifice the many to the few, the rural to the municipal population, are sufficiently obvious. Nor would it be difficult to account for another fact—that the interests of England have been sacrificed to those of Scotland and Ireland. Before that hocus-pocus measure became law, England had 489 representatives in the House of Commons; now she has only 471. Wales had 24; now she has 29. Scotland had 45; now she has 53. Ireland had 100; now she has 105. So that, while England magnanimously weakened herself by dismissing eighteen of her own defenders, she allowed her rivals—we might use a stronger word—to *increase their* defenders by the same number; thus making a difference of 36 against her. And 36, let us observe, is no slight odds, when we remember that the average attendance of members is much below 100.

Nothing would tend more strikingly to show that England by passing the Reform Bill committed a political suicide, than a searching examination into the votes of members on every important division. By way of illustration, we will take the division of July last on the Irish Church Bill. We select this the more readily, as our own sentiments on the subject are in unison with those of the *gross* majority, and consequently adverse to those of the *English* majority.

It appears, then, that out of 500 English and Welsh members, representing a constituency of about 644,000, and a population of 14 millions, 227 members, representing a constituency of 290,602, and a population of 6,074,109, voted *for* the measure; while 234 members, representing a constituency of 352,403, and a population of 7,789,632, voted *against* it. In other words, the *population* of England were as 4 to 3, the *constituency* as 7 to 6 against the measure; while of the members alone there was a clear majority of 7. But the case may be put still more strongly. Some of the constituencies in the English boroughs—such as Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Bristol, &c.—contain so large a portion of *Irishmen*, or at least of Irish by descent, as to insure the success of any candidate whom they support. In general the English inhabitants of our towns are pretty equally divided into parties; and nothing but the Irish votes is wanting to insure the triumph of democracy. No fact, indeed, is more notorious than that they almost uniformly vote on the ultra-Liberal side. Now, if as we could easily prove, the representatives of many boroughs are returned through the junction of Irish with the English Liberals, it is manifest that these members cannot, strictly speaking, be regarded as the representatives of *English* opinions and feelings. Now this conclusion is abundantly confirmed by a farther analysis of the division in question. The municipal members who voted *for* the measure, were 171, representing a constituency of 140,640, and a population of 2,474,258. The borough members who voted *against* it were only 145, representing a constituency of 119,258 and a population of 2,098,056. The measure, therefore, was approved by a considerable majority of both members and voters in the English cities and boroughs. Nor need we be surprised at this, when we remember that near a million of Irish, by birth or parentage, are congregated in those municipal cities. Let us now examine the state of opinion on this subject in places where English feeling is most prevalent,—our counties. We find that fifty-six members representing a constituency of 128,525, and a population of 3,158,223 voted *for* the measure, while eighty-nine members, representing a constituency of 204,265, and a population of 5,019,314 voted *against* it. On the whole, it may, with truth, be affirmed that two-thirds of the English *people* were opposed to the measure.

If we extend the same mode of analysis to *Scotland*, we shall find results equally striking. Of borough members, 21 voted *for* the measure, and only 1 *against* it; while of county members, 10 were for it, and 19 against it. Now, as the municipal *constituency* of Scotland is to the rural, as 38,999 to 33,271, and the municipal *population* to the rural, in the proportion of 917,656 to 1,448,226, it is evident that though 31 voted for the measure, and only 20 against it, instead of two-thirds of the Scottish people being for it, at least two-thirds are hostile to it.

If the same process be extended to Ireland, we shall find a very remarkable contrast between the two islands. Of county members, 60, representing a constituency of about 54,000, and a population of 4 millions and a half, voted *for* the measure, while 38 members only, representing about 37,000 voters, and two millions and a half of population, were *against* it. Hence two-thirds of the Irish people, and of their representatives, were favourable to the bill.

The grand results of the division in question may be stated in the majorities.

For.	1. MEMBERS.	*Against.*
English		7
Scotch 11		
Irish 22		
33		

Consequently England is vanquished in the number of members by her two rivals.

For.	2. CONSTITUENCY.	*Against.*
England		61,711
Scotland 19,423		
Ireland 17,360		
36,783		

Consequently in respect to *voters*, England exceeds both of her rivals.

For.	3. POPULATION.	*Against.*
England		1,714,523
Scotland 451,668		
Ireland 1639,649		
2,091,317		

Consequently, in this respect, England is vanquished by her two rivals.

We have, we hope, said enough to justify the assertion that, by the Reform Bill, England has been sacrificed to Scotland and Ireland. In a majority of her members, of her constituency, and of her population, she was opposed to the measure; yet her opposition was of no avail: she was betrayed by those whom she had admitted to share in her privileges. The same result has been apparent on other questions; but we need not produce any analysis of the divisions.

It may be, and indeed it has been, objected that England has no reason to complain of the number of her representatives—that she has about two-thirds of the whole. To this objection we may reply that her population comprises two-thirds, her constituency above three-fourths, her wealth nineteen-twentieths of all that is to be found in the empire. If all three were made the basis of representation, instead of two-thirds, she would return nine-tenths of the members to the House of Commons.

But notwithstanding the foolish sacrifice which we have exposed, England has still one remedy left—that which the House of Lords can supply when the Irish and Scotch members smother her feelings and interests in the Lower House. Antiquated as the peers are in many of their opinions—selfish as they have so frequently shown themselves, and obstinately as they have opposed the progress of many good measures—still they have often saved the constitution. They are, indeed, *Conservatives*. If they defend what is evil, they also preserve what is good.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

From the Times, of April 14.

The Duchess of Kent, and the members of her establishment at Kensington, have reason, we think, to be aware, that they and their proceedings have afforded, for some time past, a subject of grave observation. Without any tendency to invidious remark, we may say, that the position of the Royal Duchess, and the vast importance of the charge intrusted to her, are such, in themselves, as must of necessity expose her to vigilant and close inquiry.

It has fallen to our lot on more than one occasion to question the propriety of certain acts, with regard to which the name of the Royal Duchess had been implicated, as a party, privy to them, and approving of them, but which had so little praiseworthy on the face of them, that we felt almost satisfied upon the incorrectness of those statements which had imputed them even partially to the Princess Victoria's mother. In answer to complaints of harshness and injustice which had been made to us by persons professing to speak in the interest of the Duchess of Kent, we acknowledge freely our unfeigned belief in the purity of motive and intention by which her Royal Highness has hitherto been actuated, her maternal affection for the Princess, and her wish to show a becoming deference towards the King.

But we did not say so much, because we did not think it, on behalf of the Duchess of Kent's advisers, whoever they might be: we neither applauded nor exonerated those who had been contriving to involve her Royal Highness in the semblance (we trusted, not the substance) of intrigues with a foreign Court, for bringing about an alliance between the heiress presumptive to the Crown of England and a near relative of the Duchess herself, by manœuvres, which, if not clandestine, were at least unauthorised by the paternal uncle and Sovereign of the Princess, the head of the House of Brunswick. We did not, more recently, because it was impossible with a safe conscience to do so, acquit the advisers of the Duchess, whoever they might be, of a course of audacious practices, of usurping the King's authority, by forcing into the future household of the Princess, by the *alleged* choice, and at the ostensible nomination, of her mother, individuals respecting whom the wishes or pleasure of his Majesty might not be consulted—individuals for the higher departments of the household, no otherwise distinguished or recommended than by the notorious violence of their political sentiments and prominence of their station as *party* men, while those who were destined, or who destined themselves, to fill the subordinate offices of the household, had already proved to be in the strongest sense objectionable. It was difficult not to see, or seeing, not to denounce, the net which seemed (by proclamation in a manner) about to be spread round the heiress to the throne of England; nor could the Duchess of Kent, if really duped by those to whom she gave her confidence, feel otherwise than grateful for the light thus thrown upon their characters and projects, and for the means of release from an ignoble thraldom, with which her Royal Highness had been furnished through such well-meant and timely admonitions. The apology for her Royal Highness is in the hypothesis of her having been imposed upon.

But there is something more. The question has very frequently been asked, why the Princess Victoria of Kent has had so little intercourse with her Sovereign and his Court? Why, in fact, since she is not her own mistress, she has *been allowed* so little? Why has an appearance of alienation and estrangement been maintained by the Duchess of Kent's advisers, on the part of herself and her growing-up daughter, from the King and Queen of England? King William is remarkable for the kindness, goodness, and the domestic virtues of his disposition. His Royal consort Adelaide is exemplary in discharging the duties entailed upon her by her elevated rank, and by her conjugal and social relations. What honest reason can the advisers of the Duchess of Kent assign for subjecting her Royal Highness to the remark, that her amiable daughter has been indefatigably kept aloof from the society of her Royal uncle and his consort? The King *is* known to love his niece tenderly, and she returns his affection with truth and cordiality. It has been, therefore, we can assure her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, a *frequent* topic of (to speak mildly) surprise, if nothing more, in estimable and respected quarters, that the Princess is so seldom an inmate of her uncle's house. To state the truth is the sum of our office—let others assist the Royal Duchess with their commentary.

Two circumstances referred to by the Court Circular of yesterday ought also to be brought under the serious consideration of the Duchess of Kent's advisers.

It is there announced that "Lady Sophia de L'Isle" (the King's daughter, the favourite child of her afflicted parent, and a most amiable, excellent, and highly gifted woman) "died on Monday night, in the Royal Palace of Kensington." In the same Court Circular it is announced that "the Duchess of Kent entertained a large and distinguished party at dinner *yesterday*" (Wednesday), in the same palace which his Majesty permits her to inhabit, within 44 hours of the moment at which his much-loved daughter had expired, while her corpse was lying within the very walls wherein the gallant feast of the Duchess of Kent was spread, and where she received with her accustomed smiles the gay and "distinguished" party! Can this have been so? Is it *possible* that the Court Circular can by such an account have circulated aught but an atrocious slander on the Duchess of Kent? Will the advisers of her Royal Highness answer us?

The King's levee had been put off, out of respect for his deeply agitated feelings; the Queen's drawing-room had been put off; a grand display of Royal hospitality, long prepared, had been at once relinquished. Even the death of a domestic servant, while the corpse remains unburied, hallows the mansion of death in most civilized countries against the intrusions of gay and heartless dissipation; but here, while the King's child perishes under the Royal roof, others of his Majesty's relatives (inmates, through his indulgence, of the same habitation) are advised to hold in contempt the unspeakable sufferings of a wretched widower and his orphans, and to offer to a bereaved father the most inhuman insult. *Can* the Court Circular *have spoken truth*, we again ask? If so, the Duchess of Kent's advisers owe an unpayable reparation to the good name of their Royal mistress, inasmuch as whatever light such conduct may appear in to those who are capable of the higher and better class of feelings—the entire coarse-world—even they who have a soul for nothing beyond outsides—must be shocked by the gross bad taste and callousness to all common decorum which the counsellors of the Duchess of Kent have betrayed on this remarkable occasion. Every right-minded person must now anticipate us in the question, is this fit training for her who will be one day at the head of English manners? Is this the mode in which the Duchess of Kent has been advised to manifest her "respect and deference" for King William?

It is to be remarked that the King's Ministers were all (we believe without exception) absent from the House of Commons on Wednesday evening, while an important and trying question was under discussion by that assembly: it might be an interesting inquiry, as remarked to us by a correspondent, whether any of those Lords and gentlemen, who could not then attend their duty in Parliament, were or were not all the while enjoying the pleasures of the Duchess of Kent's entertainment in that house, which ought to have been sacred as the house of mourning for their Sovereign's favourite child. But, bad as are the habits of these Whig Ministers, there is a point beyond which neither folly nor inhumanity could lead them—they durst not so have mocked their master's grief.

Latest Intelligence.

The King has been thrown into a state of deep affliction, by the death of his eldest and favourite daughter, Lady De Lisle, who died at Kensington House, on the night of April 10th.

Much alarm was created in the neighbourhood of the London docks, by the sudden death of two labourers, who had been employed on board a vessel from Trieste, laden with rags; it was feared that they had died of the plague, that terrible disease being known to exist at various points on the Mediterranean. Several other workmen had been taken ill.

Snow fell heavily, in several parts of England, on the 11th of April.

The young lady to whom Mr. Forrest, the American tragedian, is about to be united, is Miss Sinclair, daughter of Mr. Sinclair the vocalist.

A London paper announces that green peas have fallen from a guinea to ten shillings the quart!

The municipal reform bill for Ireland was carried, in the House of Commons, on the night of April 11th, by a vote of 302 against 247. Ministerial majority 55.

The bill went up to the House of Lords on the 13th, where it was read, and the 25th named for the second reading.

In the House of Commons, on the night of the 15th, a member enquired whether any application for aid had been made on behalf of the mercantile interests of Liverpool or Manchester, by means of exchequer bills; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined answering the question.

The House of Commons was principally occupied with rail-way bills—the House of Lords with petitions for and against the abolition of church-rates.

Mr. Roebuck moved on the 13th, that the House go into Committee, on a proposition to repeal the entire duty on newspapers—the motion was opposed by the chancellor, and voted down, 81 to 42.

The application of the Liverpool merchants had not been determined upon, at the date of our latest London paper, although it was reported in the city, on the evening of the 13th, that it had been negatived. The following is the city article of the Morning Herald, dated Thursday evening, April 13th:—

The policy of affording assistance on the part of the Bank of England to the parties engaged in the American trade, continues to be discussed here most freely, *pro* and *con*. This afternoon it was stated that at the court for general purposes of the Bank of England, which usually meets on this day of the week, the propositions to afford assistance to the Liverpool and Manchester merchants were negatived. The bank direction are, of course, the best judges of their position. They first of all excited an extra position for speculation, and now they have determined, if the statement we have heard this day be true, to withhold the assistance required; but the direction best know if they will be able to bear the consequent pressure. The prudence of their present course has been much debated: but most admit that this is merely the beginning of an end.

THE LIVERPOOL MEMORIAL.

The following is a copy of the Liverpool Memorial. It is understood to proceed from the pen of Mr. Joseph Sanders:—

"*To the Right Hon. the Chancellor of his Majesty's Exchequer.*

"The memorial of the undersigned, merchants, bankers, and other inhabitants connected with the trade of Liverpool, respectfully sheweth,

"That the distress of the mercantile interest is intense beyond example, and that it is rapidly extending to all ranks and conditions of the community, so as to threaten irretrievable ruin in all directions, involving the prudent with the imprudent, the manufacturer with the merchant, and the weavers, spinners, and labourers generally, with the manufacturers themselves.

"Your memorialists will not now enter on an examination of all the causes which have led to the existing convulsion. They are aware that the late high prices of commodities mainly contributed to produce unfavourable exchanges. These high prices have passed, and are now succeeded by such a fall as cannot fail in time to attract the capital of the whole mercantile world to the relief of the present increasing pressure now felt in this country.

"Your memorialists know better than to ask for any assistance which could restore high prices. The losses must be borne. All they humbly ask is that measure of relief which will save immense numbers of all classes from total ruin—ruin not proceeding from insolvency, but from the total impossibility of disposing of their property in time to correct their present and approaching engagements.

"Your memorialists further submit that the present condition of affairs, unless mitigated, may convulse the public peace, and deeply affect his Majesty's revenue.

"Your petitioners therefore pray that these premises may be taken into immediate cousideration, and that such relief may be granted as to your judgment may be deemed safe and expedient; and your petitioners will ever pray."

London, April 11—Monday evening.

The chief topic of discussion in the city has been the application of the Liverpool merchants to the Government for relief, by an issue of Exchequer bills, and the extraordinary statements with which that application is accompanied. That the Government are indisposed to compliance with it is generally believed; yet it is equally clear that they will be hard pressed for a decision in favour of the application. What seems in the opinion of many persons to take the case out of the range of commercial difficulties, is the injury that all houses below the first class have sustained from the enormous transactions of the American houses, which, by the utter depreciation of prices, now that those transactions have been brought to a stop, may be said to have involved them in a calamity as much beyond their control as any great political crisis, or even war itself. This, and the possible consequences to the whole of the manufacturing districts of any further commercial failures in Liverpool, are the arguments we have heard used in favor of a compliance with the application from that place. There can be no doubt that wide-spread mischief will ensue there unless the relief is granted, and even a protracted deliberation on the subject may, so urgent is the danger, be nearly as bad as a refusal.

The bank directors continue their manifestoes on the original cause of those difficulties, which they have followed up to-day by some insight into the previous history of the great American transactions, exculpating themselves, as usual, from having any share in producing them. They new speak out freely, too, as to to the guarantees which they have obtained on all sides for their advances to those houses, to the probable consequences of which we have many times drawn attention. No one hesitates in believing that the directors have, in point of fact, taken care of themselves; but it is notorious also, that to obtain that protection for them, a prodigious number of commercial houses have placed themselves in peril by giving security for American houses. There may possibly be a safe winding up and escape out of all this, but it is barely possible; and this is the circumstance on which all who hold Great Britain in proper estimation as a commercial country should keep their attention fixed. That certain American houses, who are pointed out by name in the Bank official article, have avoided any direct compromise of themselves by their own engagements, may be perfectly correct, and yet it is quite impossible to say how far those guarantees which they have consented to give in favour of other houses may have altered the security of their position. The continued unfavourable winds still keep off all news from the United States at this most critical moment.

London April 12.

By the advices from Hamburgh the price of gold is 435½ per mark which, at the English Mint price of £3 17s. 10d. the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 13. 10½, and the exchange at Hamburgh on London at short being 13. 9¾, it follows that gold is 0.23 per cent. dearer in Hamburgh than in London.

The premium on gold at Paris is 11¼ per mille, which, at the English Mint price of £3 17s. 10½d. the ounce for standard gold, gives an exchange of 25. 24, and the exchange at Paris on London at short being 25. 55, it follows that gold is 0.44 per cent lower than in London.

London, April 12.—It is generally understood in the city that the deputation from Liverpool, after receiving from Mr. Spring Rice a refusal of their application have been treated in the same manner by the Bank Directors, who were referred to as the proper persons, if at all, to give the assistance required. The position of the parties in a commercial point of view is said to be this—that to place them in a state of security they would require advances beyond the market value of the goods they hold, which would expose the Bank in assisting them to risks which none of the recognised principles which govern all accommodation with money will justify. Thence the question arises whether this call is one which will justify any departure form so salutary a rule. There is also another difficulty arising from the increase of the issues of paper, which must follow any assistance direct from the Bank, respecting which it is their policy at this moment to exercise the utmost caution. The Government, of course, have no money to lend but can only afford assistance by means of their credit—that is, by an issue of Exchequer-bills; and this, if there were no other objections to it, would be the preferable course as regards the circulation, since it would leave the quantity of money afloat the same as before. At present, according to the current impression in the city, there is no prospect that either of these modes of assistance will be resorted to.

Emigration.—The tide of emigration from this country to the United States of America has commenced to flow this season with perhaps greater impetuosity than at any former period. Already at a great number of the outports in England and in Scotland and Ireland, several vessels have sailed for New York and the Canadas, crowded with emigrants, comprising farmers and mechanics possessed of small capital, and agricultural labourers with their families, who have proceeded in expectation of bettering their condition in the western world. On Saturday afternoon the American line-of-packet ship Wellington, Commander Chadwick, sailed from St. Katharine Docks, for New York, with a full complement of passengers, their being upwards of 400 on board, many of whom were respectable females. This is the first voyage of the Wellington from London to New York. She is the largest of her class, and is a beautiful specimen of naval architecture. —*London paper.*

From the Manchester Times.

The crisis has not come, but is fast coming. In our town some serious failures have taken place. A calico printer, one of the oldest in the trade, who in 1828 was understood to be worth £50,000; an old house engaged in spinning and manufacturing, and another in the same trade, of more recent establishment, are of the number of those who have had to solicit the forbearance of their creditors, from the ruinous reduction of prices. We cannot indulge the hope that the worst has come. From 1829 till 1836 business has gone on with scarcely a check, and the ramifications of credit have been widely extended. One failure, therefore, now produces another, or creates difficulty which is almost equal in results to a total failure.

FRANCE.

The ministerial arrangements were not yet completed: and it is said that a new combination was on foot, in which the names of Messrs. Molé, Montalivet and Salvandy were prominent. The junction between M. Thiers and Marshal Soult appears to have fallen through.

The contract of marriage between the Duke of Orleans and the Princess Helena, is said to have been formally signed by the French ministers. The Duke de Broglie is spoken of as the proxy at the marriage.

It was reported that the young Duke de Bordeaux had slipped away from Goritz, and gone off to join the ranks of Don Carlos in Spain. Another report was that after setting out, he received despatches from Don Carlos, advising him to stay quietly at home, and had returned in consequence. Some of the papers contradict the whole story, in all its parts and versions.

SPAIN.

The accounts are later, but do not vary much from those previously received. Don Carlos had been ill, but was convalescent. His court was at Estella.

Cabrera is now the great gun of the Carlists. He is said to have made himself master of the whole province of Valencia, except the fortified places out of which the Christinos dared not venture.

GENERAL SWARTWOUT.

"New-York, May 17.

"Sir:—We have much pleasure, in conformity with the instructions of a very numerous public meeting of Merchants held this day at the Merchants Exchange, in transmitting to you a copy of a Resolution of thanks unanimously adopted thereat.

We beg leave to assure you of our personal gratification on being made the organ of this communication.

Respectfully your ob't serv'ts.

(Signed) James G. King, Chairman.
John A. Stevens, Sec'ry.

To Saml. Swartwout, Esq. Collector, Port of N. Y.

At a very numerous public meeting of Merchants convened at the Merchants' Exchange, this day, at 1 P. M., to receive a communication from Samuel Swartwout, Collector of this Port.

It was stated by him that, on the receipt of orders from the Treasury to require payment in *Specie* for Bonds and Cash Duties at the Custom House—he immediately repaired to Washington, for the purpose of remonstrating against such order, and of explaining the impracticability of enforcing it, during the existing financial embarrassments, resulting from the suspension of Specie Payments by the Deposite and other Banks of this city.

Finding that the Secretary of the Treasury considered himself restricted by existing laws from varying that order, no alternative was left to the Collector, but to suggest that he would, with the knowledge of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, continue to receive payments at the Custom House as heretofore, in current Bank notes, exercising a sound discretion in relation thereto.

This suggestion not being acceded to—he (Mr. S) determined notwithstanding, forthwith to return to the city—and to obtain from his fellow citizens their support in pursuing the course above suggested—and he trusted that it would meet with the approval of the whole city and of the country—and he declared that he was willing to throw himself upon Congress for justification in adopting this measure.

Mr. Swartwout having retired, the meeting was organized by the appointment of James G. King, Chairman; and of John A. Stevens, Secretary. And upon motion, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Samuel Swartwout, Collector of the Port of New York, for his prompt and zealous services just rendered in behalf of the merchants of this city.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published.

JAMES G. KING, Chairman.

John A. Stevens, Secretary.
17th May, 1837.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, great and weighty matters claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States, form an extraordinary occasion for convening them, I do, by these presents appoint the first Monday of September next for the meeting at the city of Washington; hereby requiring the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and determine on such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the United States to be here- [L. S.] unto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the city of Washington, the fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and of the independence of the United States the sixty-first.

M. VAN BUREN.

By the President:
John Forsyth, Secretary of State.

Exchange at New York on London, 60 days, 14 a 16 per cent. prem.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1837.

By the *South America*, from Liverpool, we have received our regular files from London to the 14th ult.

These journals are mainly filled with Parliamentary debates, and discussions on the state of the money market, and the trade and commerce of the kingdom. The monetary and commercial condition of the country is certainly somewhat deranged, more particularly that part of it connected with the trade to America. The American houses, as they are termed, were at the last dates much embarrassed, and the firm of Messrs. Wilde & Co. had found it necessary to call on the Bank of England for aid. The Bank, after due deliberation, granted aid to the extent of about half a million of dollars, but previously required and obtained security for the same. How far the other large American houses will require, or be able to obtain a similar assistance does not appear; but it is certain that great difference of opinion exists as to the policy of "bolstering up," as it is termed, the falling fortunes of over-trading concerns. The discussions that have taken place on this point have been numerous and animated, in the course of which the Bank has been much censured. But the result has been a general conviction that such an act is wrong, both in principle and practice, and ought to be resisted. Still the more moderate and reflecting argue, that those houses are so deeply involved—their connexions so extensive, and their safety so intimately connected with the prosperity of the country, that to suffer them to fall, would be a public calamity; and that, therefore, they must be supported, if not upon principle, at least from policy and expediency. It was from entertaining this view of the case, that the Bank agreed to advance the half million referred to.

Emboldened by this apparent liberality on the part of the great monied institution of the country, which was supposed to have acted in unison with the feelings of the government—the merchants of Liverpool in the American trade, drew up and presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a memorial, praying that advances might be made to them on cotton and other produce. The Chancellor of the Exchequer referred the memorialists to the Bank, and it was not positively known at the last dates what would be the result. The belief, however, was, that the memorial could not be complied with, for by entering into a general system of money lending on such terms, the Bank might as well undertake to pay all the debts of the nation at once.

In this posture affairs stood when the last accounts left Great Britain, and gloomy and uncertain as they are, it is necessary that we should again remind our readers, that the packets which conveyed the worst intelligence from this country had not arrived. What the consequences may be when all comes to be known, we pretend not to prognosticate. It is certain, nevertheless, that all mercantile persons in the American circles must sustain prodigious loss and embarrassment.

In the House of Commons, the Irish Municipal Bill has passed by a majority of 55, and has been sent up to the Lords.

On the 6th of April, Capt. Berkeley made an attack on Lord Hill, the Commander in Chief, charging him with partiality in the execution of the duties of his office. The charge was made with such resolution, and so pertinaciously adhered to, that many of the Members were staggered. But on the following day, Lord G. Somerset appeared, and with documents the most unanswerable, put the whole story to flight. We have given the charge to-day, and shall insert the refutation next week.

In our last number we inserted an article from the Times relative to the supposed partialities of the Duchess of Kent for the Whig party, and the supposition that it was the intention of her Royal Highness, or her advisers to draw closer the bond of union by putting Lord Durham at the head of the household of her daughter the Princess Victoria, now the heir presumptive to the British sceptre. By the last arrival we learn that fresh causes of alarm have arisen. The King, it will be seen from our extracts, lost his favourite daughter, the Lady de Lisle, on the night of the 11th ult. after an afflicting illness, arising from a recent accouchement. The effect of this calamity upon the King and Queen, by whom the deceased was much beloved, was severe, and all engagements, levees, and other court festivities, were countermanded. Even the Turkish and other foreign ambassadors postponed their entertainments. Not so, however, with the Duchess of Kent, who gave a large dinner party on the 13th, although occupying apartments in the same palace in which the Lady de Lisle lay a corpse. At least such is the statement—a statement which, we trust, is not true in all its parts or that will at least admit of some explanation, if not contradiction. We have, however, we trust, acted fairly with our readers, by copying the entire article from the Times, which contains the statement; premising, at the same time, that the copy of the paper from which we have made the extract is the latest received in this country, and that in all probability, the next arrivals will give us the contradiction we so much wish to see. The Duchess of Kent has always acted with so much propriety during her residence in England, that we cannot, on the evidence before us, give full credence to the charge.

The state of the commercial affairs in New York is so well known, that it is scarcely necessary for us to advert to them. But as some of our readers at a distance may not be so well informed, we will briefly state—that after the suspension of specie payments by the Banks, things assumed a more tranquil aspect, until a Treasury order arrived from Washington directing the Collector to receive nothing but specie, or the notes of Banks, which pay specie, in payment for Custom House bonds. Compliance with this order being impracticable, specie being at ten per cent. premium and very scarce, the worthy collector, Mr. Swartwout, proceeded to the seat of Government, and represented the case to the President. The President said the law was imperative, and left him no alternative. The Collector then expressed his determination to take the responsibility on himself, and accept the city notes, trusting to the liberality of Congress to hold him harmless. This determination he communicated to the Merchants at a public meeting on his return, who voted him their thanks accordingly. These proceedings will be found under their proper head.

The President has determined to call Congress together at an early period in September, and has issued his proclamation accordingly. Another order from the Treasury has been received, directing the revenue officers to grant as much indulgence as possible, and to defer the collection of bonds in all possible cases till after the expected meeting of Congress. These circumstances have somewhat assuaged the excitement in the money market, and most of the stocks have risen except Bank Stocks. Gold has fallen; Sovereigns are at $5 25; Doubloons, Mexican, 7½ per cent. premium; Dollars, 7 to 8; U. S. Stock, 109; Bills on London, 14.

The Legislature of the State has passed an act legalizing the suspension of specie payments by the Banks, but forbidding them to make any dividends to Stockholders during the period of their suspension. This is perhaps just to the public, but will prove a great hardship to many widows and others who perhaps derive their only income from that source. All the Banks of the Union are rapidly following the example of those in New York.

Major General Nicol, arrived in town a few days ago from Canada, and will, we understand, sail for England in the *Gladiator*. We find the following tribute to this excellent officer, in a late number of the *Quebec Mercury*.

Major General Nicol, 66th Regiment, left this Garrison yesterday afternoon, in the steam boat *Canadian Eagle*, on his way to Montreal and New York, whence he intends to embark for England. The departure of this gallant and excellent veteran was marked by circumstances of no ordinary occurrence, manifesting the high estimation in which he is held, by his own regiment, by the Staff and the Garrison in general, and the civilians of Quebec. He was accompanied, from his quarters, to the Steam-Boat wharf by the officers of his Regiment, the Commanding officers and the officers off duty of the Royal Regiment, the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, and by the Staff and heads of Departments. On arriving at the place of embarkation the General found the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Regiment lately under his command, waiting to pay a parting tribute of respect to one who had so long shared in the glorious service of the Regiment. They formed a lane through which the General holding by the arm of his old comrade Lieut. Col. Baird, and followed by a cortege of military and civilian friends, passed to the Steam Boat, when on his embarking these honest soldiers wished their old commander, a prosperous voyage and every blessing, enforced by three hearty British cheers. The officers and many private friends accompanied General Nicol on board the steamer, the men of the 66th still remaining on the quay to give a parting cheer, as the steamboat left the wharf, to one so long and so justly endeared to the Regiment by his urbanity to his officers, and his strict justice and mildness to all.—The Veteran Soldier who has now by promotion, been relieved from the more active duties of the service, entered the army as Ensign in 1794, and in 1799 joined the 66th Regiment as Captain, he has continued in it ever since—a period of *thirty eight* years in one corps—during which he has served with it in all parts of the British dominions, and shared in the eventful and glorious campaigns on the Peninsula in which the Regiment bore so distinguished a part, as the proud blazonry of its Colours attest.—He has commanded it for *twenty nine years*, a longer time than, we believe, any Regiment in the British army has remained under one Lieutenant-Colonel. It is almost superfluous after this to say that General Nicol carries with him the warmest wishes of all his friends, military and civil, for his comfort and enjoyment in the well earned retirement afforded to him by his promotion to his present rank.

Died, on Wednesday last, of consumption, Dr. George Maccartney Bushe, in his 39 year. The remains of this eminent surgeon were interred yesterday, attended by a large number of his friends. The *Star* of Thursday contains an affectionate tribute to his memory from the pen of his friend Dr. Bedford.

We announced a week or two since, the death of Mr. Ruttan of Upper Canada, at the American Hotel, a youth of great promise and most amiable disposition. The dispensation was an afflicting one, as Mr. Ruttan was absent from his home and his friends. His father, H. Rattan, Esq. of Coburg, and High Sheriff of the county, has since arrived in town, and conveyed the remains of his excellent son to Canada.

The Mirror of this week contains an engraved likeness of Mr. N. P. Willis. The engraving, which is by G. Parker, is from a painting by Harding, and bears a good resemblance to the ingenious and fascinating writer.

The passengers by the South America have presented Captain Barstow with a piece of Plate, as a grateful acknowledgment of his skill as a navigator, and kindness as a commander, during his recent passage. The following is the correspondence:

New York, May 18th, 1837.

"*Captain Wm. C. Barstow, of the Ship South America.*.

"Dear Sir,—Feeling that more than customary thanks are due to you, for the unwearied kindness and attention you have shown to us during the voyage from Liverpool to this port, we beg your acceptance of a piece of Plate, as a mark of grateful acknowledgment.

We are, dear Sir, your most obedient serv'ts,

W. R. Baker Smith, R.N.	John L. Scudamore,	Wm. Cunningham,
Mrs. Cunningham,	Miss Mercer,	Saml. S. Senior,
Giles Duxbury,	W. A. Leonard,	Rupert Ingleby,
S. F. Crafts,	J. A. Palmer,	J. M. Innes,
Mrs. Innes,	Wm. A. Appleton,	A. Trueman,
G. B. Blake.		

New York, May 18, 1837.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is with feelings of heartfelt pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your tribute of esteem, made to one who, in the performance of his duty in conducting you across the Atlantic feels himself richly rewarded in the pleasure he has derived from your society during the passage.

With sincere thanks, I remain, your grateful friend and serv't,

WM. C. BARSTOW.

W. R. Baker Smith, Esq. R.N. Rupert Ingleby, Esq. and others.

AN ENGLISH LADY and family who reside in a fashionable and central part of the city, are desirous of receiving a few single gentleman, or a gentleman and lady as boarders. The number will at all times be limited, and the accommodations and arrangement such as to secure all the comforts of a select private circle. References given and required.

N. B. A suite of rooms can be obtained. For cards of address apply at 115 Leonard street. [May 20—1t*]

APARTMENTS TO LET.—An English family having a larger house than they require, are desirous of accommodating two or three single gentlemen with bed-rooms, sitting rooms, or bed-rooms alone, together with breakfast, and tea, the situation is in the vicinity of Washington square. For cards of address apply to Bellings & Evans, 66 Chamber st., corner of Broadway. [May20—tf.]

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF A PEERESS.

Posthumous Memoirs of a Peeress. Edited by Lady Charlotte Bury. 3 vols.

The author of these *devourable* volumes (for it is not with the ordinary degree of avidity and excitement that we have rapidly turned over the pages of this singular narrative) forms an exception to the rule with which the first chapter opens:—"It is a melancholy fact that people seldom set about the task of recollecting till their memory begins to fail." Although we are led to infer that the memoirs were written late in life, when the writer was venerable enough to boast of a grand-niece, there is no trace of a faded or misgiving memory in any portion of the Memoir; but on the contrary, every event is related, and every conversation detailed, with the freshness, spirit, vivacity, and truth of the occurrences of yesterday. In short, these volumes contain the romantic experiences of a life of no every-day vicissitude—the acute observations of a mind of uncommon strength—and they are written with a pen at once so playful and so powerful, so brilliant and so elastic, that even had the subject chosen for its exercise been wanting in the stimulants of interest, it would have invested it with attractions, and set forth a story full of *point*. But it happens that the subject is of an exactly opposite order, and even in ungifted hands would have absorbed the attention of many circles of society, the more distinguished ones especially; as it is, we know of no class that will not peruse these pages with mingled feelings—pleasure preponderating over all in the main, and admiration of the writer overmastering every prejudice which her own prejudices may now and then provoke.

The accomplished editor's sole motive (Lady Charlotte Bury informs us) in editing the Memoirs, is to oblige a friend; and there is not the least shadow of responsibility in this quarter for the political and personal sentiments they contain. The reader is bound to remember this, because the tone of these volumes, in respect both to public commentaries, and private disclosure, is of a kind to be visited in some quarters with censure, and to excite uneasy reminiscences or disagreeable associations in many. These chapters deal with the events and characters of the "Prince's" days—of the Carlton House era—of the Fox and Sheridan generation—with a familiarity that proves in every page how intimately connected with her subject and their secrets the author really was, and with a freedom which shrinks not from disclosing any thing, however high. Of all the private memoirs of all the great actors in the gay world, whether French or English, we can call to mind none that take precedence of these in attraction—not merely because they are written in the liveliest and tersest style; not merely because they embrace the lives of so many and such various objects of curiosity among the curious, and of distinction among the distinguished—but for this reason in particular, that they treat of things and persons so very near our own time that precise information by means of a private peep behind the curtain becomes exceedingly difficult to obtain in precise proportion as it becomes desirable. It is clear to us that nobody had better opportunities than the beautiful Lizzy Mordaunt, the niece of the fascinator-general, the Duchess of Rocheeter, of making revelation of the "whereabout" of the Prince, his party, and fashion's disciples in general at that eventful period; and it is equally clear that all that can be told upon this subject could not have been better told.

Lizzy Mordaunt! Ah! how much anxiety and sorrow would have been avoided had she staid a year or two longer at Spetchingly, or had never been asked to dance by the Prince of Wales! But ahs! and ohs! are of no use, and Lizzy Mordaunt, when, after becoming Mrs. Fitzirnham, she became a beautiful widow of six and twenty—and again when, after becoming Lady Rawborne, she became a widow of a little later ago—Lizzy Mordaunt, even on these occasions, was just the person to think so. Yet she was by no means wanting in sensibility—by no means deficient in principle; and never forfeits our respect, if she do not invariably, by reason of her self-command and power, derived from an early and unfortunate initiation into the mysteries of the world, command our finer sympathies. Her personal story is a deeply interesting one, from the period of her happily sketched life in the country to her arrival at the dingy house of the disagreeable Lady Carleton in Jermyn street—thence to her introduction by the brilliant but infectious Duchess, whose fatal intrigue she so nobly contrived to conceal without spotting her own purity—to her disinterested love-affair with the gifted but unhappy Fithirnham—her second marriage with her devoted and high-souled cousin, Algernon (whose character redeems a whole "wilderness of monkeys")—even to her second widowhood and final visitation to the death-bed of Charles James Fox, with which this first part of the Memoir terminates! We repeat that, as a story, this is most fertile in all the accidents and excitements of romance, while it purports to be, and *is* (certainly in its manner) an actual picture and record of events. The scene in which the Duchess of Rochester is *saved*—by an exhibition of such horrible heartlessness on her part—is very powerfully written; and the subsequent one, which ends with the suicide of the generous and amiable Duke, is dramatically shadowed forth. The death of Fitzirnham also is deeply and unaffectedly true in pathos and character. But it is to the gayer or more worldly scenes that the reader's eye will be turned, to detect characters scarcely masqueraded before him—few of them, indeed, appearing under any disguise of names, and those who do being instantly recognizable. Almost all the great personages of the time, fashionable and political, "domestic or foreign," are introduced upon the stage one after the other, and the scene only shifts from Rochester House to Almack's, from Carlton House to Parliament, from Parliament to the hustings at Covent Garden, from thence to Windsor, and from all these to the Pavilion, to present another brilliant feature of the scene of romantic reality.

We proceed to a few extracts, many we must not at present indulge in.

Miss Mordaunt's first ball:—

"Four o'clock by the chimes of St. James's, ere I returned from the ball!—when Mrs. Phillis was at the pains of rendering her discontent at sitting up so audible, that I was summoned to the dowager's bed-side for a reprimand.

"'What an object the child is!—Scarce a shade of powder is left in her hair!'—she ejaculated. 'Pray what do you mean, Miss Mordaunt, by keeping reasonable people out of their beds till this unreasonable hour!'

"'Having no carriage, madam, I am dependent on the discretion of other people.'

"'But Lady Harefield is never known to stay at a ball after two o'clock.'

"'It was not Lady Harefield who brought me home.'

"'Not the chaperon I selected for you!—What is the meaning, pray, of all this!—What have you been about!'

"'At two o'clock Lady Harefield was preparing to go away, just as I had engaged myself for a minuet.'

"'To Mr. Algernon Rawborne, I make no doubt.'

"'No, ma'am;—to the Prince!'

"'To Prince Stahremberg, pray, or Prince Castelcicala!'

"'To neither, madam;—the Prince of Wales.'

Lady Carleton was now wide awake; and even Mrs. Phillis suspended her grumbling.

"'You danced with his Royal Highness!'

"'I thought, madam you would not be displeased at my quitting Lady Harefield's protection to fulfil such an engagement, particularly as the Duchess of Rochester undertook to bring me home.'

"'The Duchess of Rochester!'—reiterated my aunt, rubbing her eyes, as if to ascertain whether she were awake.

"'I ought to ask your pardon for disturbing your rest,' said I, preparing to retire. 'We will talk over the ball at breakfast.'

"'As if I could sleep!—No, my dear child, I insist on hearing all. In the first place, how did you like Almack's!'

"'Better than any thing I have seen in town,—so gay,—so brilliant,—so'—

"'Was my nephew Medway there!'

"'He was;—and when Algernon'—

"'Never mind Algernon;—I want to hear about the Duchess.'

"'We cannot reach her Grace without Algernon's assistance. As I was moping disconsolately in the tea-room with Lady Harefield, my cousin approached, in conversation with a lady who had already attracted my attention as the handsomest woman at the ball, and whom I now heard exclaim in reply to his observations,—'my sister Betty's girl—a daughter of poor dear Lady Betty Mordaunt's!'—And, in a moment, my hands were clasped in hers, and the tears were starting from her eyes.

"'I ought to have discovered you at once,' said she, 'by your likeness to a sister whom I dearly loved. You are welcome to London; where, by the way, I am just now almost as much a stranger as yourself. What am I to call you!—'Betty,' I hope!—The old-fashioned name will remind me of my play-days."

"'I used to be called so—but I became 'Lizzy,' after my mother's death.'

"'Right!'—interrupted the Duchess; "too much deference cannot be shown to the memory of a good mother. But, my dear child, I am detaining you from the dance. Have you a partner!"

"I was forced to reply by a mortifying negative; and the Duchess issued her commands to Algernon to lead me out.

"'Go and do your best,' said she; 'I want to ascertain all I have to be proud of in my niece.'

"Engrossed by my desire to excel under the Duchess's scrutiny, I did not raise my eyes towards her during the minuet; and on returning to her side at the close, was wholly unprepared for the honour of a sudden presentation to the Prince of Wales, with whom she was in conversation.'

"'Then I lay my life you were as awkward as a milkmaid,'—cried Lady Carleton.

"'I think not,—or his Royal Highness would scarcely have condescended to ask my hand for the following minuet.'

"'And after the minuet!'

"'After the minuet, a miracle!'"—

A scene in Carlton House:—

"Till Mr. Fitzirnham offered himself as my cicerone, no one had been at the pains of favouring me with a *catalogue raisonné* of the Blue and Buff party and their auxiliaries; and at that period Fox, Burke, Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, or Townshend, were to me persons of minor interest compared with the Devonshires, Duncannons, Melbournes, Crewes, St. John's, Cravens, Jerseys, Banburys, with whom their names were associated in the gossip of society; "Fox's Martyrs," as they were called, stood secondary to his angels.

"Among the fairest present, by the way, was one, neither an angel nor a martyr of the Foxites; the young and lovely bride of Lord Beauchamp, who, with her charming sisters, the daughters of Lord Irwin, and her relatives the pretty Talbots, arrayed as a group of Spanish Donnas, were the successful rivals of our Peruvian party. Little did I expect that, forty years afterwards, I should behold her in that very palace, swaying as Marchioness of Hertford, and a grand-mother, the capricious fancy of royalty which her early loveliness had failed to enthral!

"'May I presume to inquire what you think of us!' inquired Mr. Fitzirnham, after watching my silent contemplation of the scene before me. 'Are we not very brilliant!'

"'Very brilliant,—very *glittering*,' said I, with an emphasis on the latter word; (for the taste for foil, French paste, and false stones was then disgustingly prevalent.) 'Glittering as a winter's night, whose stars shine in proportion to its coldness!'

"'How!' said my companion, turning towards me with amazement, 'an epigram from lips which, like those in the story, ought to drop only pearls and diamonds!'

"'And what is an epigram but a diamond!' I replied. 'Brilliant, compact, and capable of cutting even the hardest substance.'"

Covent Garden Electioneering:—

"It *was* the proud Miss Mordaunt of Spetchingley, who had condescended to have her hand pressed and her waist encircled, for the honour of securing a vote for the friend of the Prince, the candidate upheld between the rival smiles of the Devonshire and Rochester houses!

"But what vilenesses became sanctified by custom!—what follies rendered classical by the ennobling badge of fashion!—Every day, during the six weeks' continuance of the election, I saw the dignified Duke of Rochester, the amiable Mrs. Crewe, with fifty others of equal unimpeachability, launched into the vortex of noise and vulgarity; the wisest and best giving way to the enthusiasm of the hour, and playing fantastic tricks before high Heaven and the high bailiff. An election, at all times so exciting, so intoxicating a crisis, was, in this instance, dignified by the presence of talent—beauty—rank; even the Prince, in defiance of taste and propriety, affected to make the cause his own. Our mornings were occupied in animating the eloquence of Fox and his advocates, and parading ourselves before the gaze of the people, every day. We dined, almost in public, with the same parties,—sometimes at Weltjie's, where the evening concluded in high spirits with high play. We wore the colours of the party, the "Fox medal" round our necks, the 'Fox laurel' round our brows; never was candidate supported by such zeal and fervour of partizanship!

"And all because it was the fashion! The amiability of Charles Fox's manners, and his devotion to the sex, secured him, far more than the liberalism of his opinions or brilliancy of his wit, the support of those not already subdued by the favouritism of Carlton House and the enthusiasm of duchesses. The Prince of Wales displayed the Fox favours on his equipages; the prettiest pony-phætons frequenting the parks were decorated with the same colours; and (alas! for the dignity of a reputation destined to agitate the snows of Muscovy, and thrill through every nerve of the Convention,) Charles James Fox was *the fashion!*"

From this last picture we take a leap to the closing scene of the book, one which is tinged with the solemnity of the departure of a noble spirit—even of him whom the writer of these Memoirs thus championized in Westminster—with whom she spent many maturer hours in healthful and happy conversation—whom she reverenced sincerely—and who (whatever we may think of his personal failings, his politics, and his party) was surely worthy of reverence, if transcendant power of mind, and the best-natured heart in the world, ever were so worthy.

The death-bed of Fox:—

"I trembled too much even to reply! Instead of pausing for a few moments in town, I proceeded at once to Chiswick.—It was the 13th of September, the ever-lamentable 13th of September! As I drove through Hyde Park, at that season deserted, I heard the Tower guns firing, and cared not to inquire for what. The capture of Buenos Ayres was nothing to *me!*—All I desired was to reach Chiswick.

"On turning to the road leading towards the Burlington Villa, a straggling crowd of silent and sorrow-struck people, evidently collected by the apprehension of some mighty calamity, rendered it difficult for the carriage to proceed. Other carriages, too, formed a line towards the house; and when at last I attained the fatal gates, I noticed the liveries of Lord Fitzwilliam, the Spencers, and all the intimate friends of Fox, in attendance on the carriages drawn up.

"I alighted, and entered the lodge on foot. The porter's wife was weeping too bitterly to take heed of me. The first person I saw in the grounds was Lord Fitzwilliam, pacing up and down with his eyes fixed upon the earth, under the shade of the very tree beneath which I had taken leave of our beloved friend.—I saw how it was.—That devoted friend had not courage to witness the afflicting scene passing within doors!

"In another moment I saw a gentleman (Mr. Bouverie, if I remember) approach, and whisper a few words to Lord Fitzwilliam; who, on comprehending them, staggered, and would have fallen to the ground, had he not been supported by his companion.—Instantly I rushed to the house: not a servant was visible,—not a sound audible.—Every thing seemed paralyzed by the dread event of the day!—Hastening towards the room previously pointed out to me by Mrs. Fox as that of her husband, I found the door slightly ajar. The broken-hearted wife and niece had been that moment led from the chamber of death by his medical attendants; and Trotter, the Irish secretary of Fox, stood alone by the bedside, while a servant was closing the shutters against the fading sunshine of an autumnal evening!——All—all was over!

"I seem to see it now!—the tent-bed with its coverlid of pale green silk; above which appeared the immortalised countenance of one of the first of mortals. The breath appeared to have exhaled in a placid sigh, from his scarcely-parted lips; and the glorious expression of his face proclaimed that Charles James Fox died as he had lived, full of resignation to the Almighty, full of peace and good-will towards mankind.

* * * * * *

"A few weeks more, and the muffled bell of Westminster Abbey proclaimed that its portals were unclosed to welcome another of the great and glorious to its star-crowned caverns.—Fast by those of his great rival in renown, the remains of Fox were laid to rest; eternal peace be with his ashes!—

"A great multitude filled the aisles and avenues of the church. The whole kingdom bewailed him, not only as the noblest Roman of them all, but as the last.—Already the ceremonial of his lying in state had attracted thousands to Stable yard,—they seemed reluctant to part from even the vain pageantry of death!"

Extracts convey but a poor notion of the spirit of these extraordinary disclosures. The scenes require to be followed out in connection. The work would at once fix the popularity of any name.

Varieties.

Professional language is often expressive. At a review of the London volunteers in the time of the threatened invasion, the adjutant of one of the battalions, who was an *undertaker*, galloped up to its commandant, with, "Sir, the lawyer's *corpse* is before us. As soon as it moves off, we shall take up the *ground*."

Judge B——, once an excellent lawyer, had begun for some time to talk *rather* too much on the Bench. Somebody observed that he was growing so old, that his nose and chin were likely to come into collision. "Yes," said Rose, "there have been a great many words between them of late."

B——, the Chancery barrister, famed for a solemn style of talking, came up to Rose, and said, "My dear fellow, I feel rather dull to-day—give me a pinch of your snuff—it always clears me."—"A pinch, my dear sir," said R., "*you* should have a *box*."

A few days after Sir R. Peel's speech, as a group of barristers were conversing on it in Westminster Hall, a gust of wind blew in one of the windows. Campbell, the Attorney-General, who happened to be passing by, looked peculiarly startled. "Poor fellow," said one of the group, "since he read the account of the election of the Lord Rector, he can't bear the sound of Glas-go."

A *bon mot* of Brougham's has just been launched. The Conservative dinners were the topic, and some observation was made on the abundance of the Tory tables. "Oh," said Brougham, "all that is merely a trick, to show that they will not have a *Barebones* Parliament."

Morrison's action against the Sunday paper, for a libel, which called him a wholesale destroyer, &c. was mentioned as giving a new use to the initials M. P. There was M. P., member of parliament—Mathews's M. P., manager of a play-house—Morrison's M. P., maker of pills—and the newspaper's M. P., manufacturer of poisons.

"Let me alone," said O'Connell, "and in five years I'll make Ireland the first country on the face of the earth."—"No," was the answer. "Let *you* alone, and in half the time you'll make England *peerless*.

"Green the aeronaut, some time since took up his whole family in his balloon. One of our wits remarked, that "though the season was said to be backward, he had never seen *Greens* shoot up to such a height before."—True," said another, "but, after all, they cannot get higher than the *currents*."

Old George Colman, now no longer a junior, was asked, a few years ago, why he had given up poetry. The question was, on his objecting to write in a lady's album. He opened the page and wrote—

"The muse and I, ere youth and fancy fled,
Sat up together many a night, no doubt;
But now I've sent the poor old girl to bed,
The reason is, *my fire is going out*."

UPPER CANADA.—Extensive sale of Real Estate, the property of the heirs of the late Richard Halt, Esq., of Dundas.

To be sold at public Auction on Wednesday the 21st day of June ensuing, at Dundas, in the Gore District, 800 building lots, and 12 water privileges. Dundas is situated at the head of Lake Ontario, and being the natural outlet to an extensive and fertile grain country, will, within a few weeks, possess the advantage of an open navigation into Lake Ontario by means of the Desjardin's canal. The situation of the building lots are preferable to any others that can be offered in the neighbourhood, and each water lot will command a fall varying from 12 to 18 feet upon a heavy stream of water. In no part of Upper Canada has property advanced so rapidly in value as in the Gore District, and the various and extensive public improvements about to be commenced within the District must render the investment of capital not only a safe one, but, the certainty of gain almost beyond a doubt. Indisputable titles will be given. Terms of sale 12 1-2 per cent at the time of purchase, and 12 1-2 per cent annually, till the amount is paid. For further particulars apply to the subscriber at his office in Dundas, where plans of the property may be seen.

Dundas May 1, 1837. JOHN OGILVY HALT, Agent for the Heirs.

[May 13-tJune 21.]

ALEXANDER MANNING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI. [Feb25-3m.]

DISEASES OF THE EYE.—Dr. Elliott, Oculist and professor of the anatomy and diseases of the human eye, 303 Broadway, private entrance in Duane-street. From 12 years undivided attention, and constant study, under the most celebrated Oculists in Europe, and America, with the most extensive and successful practice in the union, Dr. E. asserts with confidence, that he can cure the most dangerous diseases of the eye, without an operation, except CATERACT ENTROPIUM and Staphyloma.

SPECTACLES.—The patent beautiful transparent medium spectacle glasses, having the peculiar property of keeping the eye perfectly cool, giving it immediate and permanent ease, and at the same time suit every age without the necessity of change.

N. B. Dr. E. will himself set the patent glasses to suit the particular defects.

Dr. E. begs to state that he attends to diseases of the eye, and imperfection of vision only. Office hours from 11 to 4 o'clock. [Jan.14.-tf.]

TO THE FASHIONABLE.—NEW HAT ESTABLISHMENT.—BIRD, late foreman to, and many years with Leary & Co., after the most successful experience in all the branches of his business, having established himself in trade, now offers to his friends at his sales room, No. 13 Nassau street, corner of Pine, a splendid assortment of Hats of every variety of nap from the medium to the plain, which in style of model, material and finish shall be found unrivalled. He intends to sell at $5 only, and by directing his whole care to that single style, is confident of producing an article without any superior; and fashion and utility having established this quality as well for economy and elegance, as durability, he deems it an obvious advantage to the public to confine his efforts to one purpose instead of making experiments in variety. Fearing no rival in the department of taste, he is willing to entrust himself in competition with any establishment in producing this article.

He has made arrangements for the London and Paris Fashions with some of the best houses in those cities, and will always be first in the market with the new standard established by foreign taste. BIRD, 15 Nassau corner of Pine.

[April 8-3m.]

MRS. HASSALL, No. 377 Broadway, has just received her Spring assortment of Hats and Caps, of the latest and most approved style of Paris fashions—together with Leghorn Hats of an extra superfine quality: Straws, and a variety of fancy articles

BRITISH AND AMERICAN STRAW HAT WAREHOUSE,
No. 231 Grand street.

R. MEIN respectfully invites the attention of the ladies to his extensive and superior assortment of Tuscan and Straw Bonnets in the most fashionable shapes, which cannot be surpassed for fineness and beauty of colour, in the Union. Also, a splendid assortment of Spring Ribbons, newly received.

THE PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL, Silver Medal, and Diploma of the American Institute, were awarded for the "best Incorruptible Teeth, superior method of inserting and fixing them in the mouth, and improvements in the art of Dentistry," to JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. Member of the Medical Society of the city and county of New York, of the Lyceum of Natural History, &c. &c. Operative Surgeon, Medical and Mechanical Dentist, No. 5 Chambers, (near Chatham street,) New York. [Feb. 11.]

MORRISON'S PILLS. The Genuine Hygeian Vegetable Universal Medicines of the British College of health.

"Hypocrisy is the tribute which Vice has ever paid to Virtue."

The excellence and universal efficacy of these Medicines, in relieving and removing all the maladies of mankind, and the beauty and value of the simple theory on which they are founded, could not, perhaps, be more strongly proved than by the unexampled effrontery, and bold but unfounded assumptions of those who so perseveringly, and at a vast expense, endeavour to impose on the public, feeble and unworthy imitations.

Since the legal decisions which have established the claim of the Genuine Hygeian Medicines to protection from direct counterfeiters, numberless are the schemes of unprincipled innovators to evade the just penalties of the law; and scarcely a newspaper can be taken up that does not teem with whole columns of garbled extracts from Mr. Morison's many publications, and by thus unblushingly assuming his ideas, and even his very words, vainly strive to rob him of his original discovery, by which he rescued himself from a series of suffering, of 35 years continuance, and led to the foundation of the sound but simple system of the Hygeian physiology; whereas, had not Mr. Morison propounded this system to the English community, and had not its lovely truths spread with a rapidity commensurate with their importance, through G. Britain, the continent of Europe, the nations of the East, and the United States of America, and, in fact having agencies and advocates established in every civilized nation of the earth, neither their names, nor their ignorant pretensions would ever have been heard of.

The publications of Mr. Morison and his coadjutors are comprised in sixteen volumes, a reference to which will easily satisfy any enquirer of the correctness of this statement.

At the urgent request of many friends, it has been determined to supply the Genuine Hygeian Medicines in lower priced boxes than heretofore, that the wants and wishes of that class of community may be met, who, while disliking to make applications for gratuitous relief to our Dispensary, yet do not wish, or have not the means of laying out a larger sum at once The pills, therefore, may now be obtained of the various agents established in every town in the United States, in boxes at 25 and 50 cents each, as well as in packets of $1 $2 and $3.—H. SHEPHEARD MOAT, General Agent for the United States.

The following Agents are appointed in New York, of whom may be obtained the Pills and powders, also the various Publications and Lists of Agents, as appointed in every town in the Union.

Mr. J. Stanley, Book and Printseller, at the General Depot, 50 Canal Street.
Mrs. Mary King, Bookseller, 141 Fulton-street.
Rev. J. Brouner, 95 Barrow-street.
Mr. D. Mitchell, Printer, 265 Bowery.
Messrs. Firth & Hall, Music Store, 1 Franklin Square
Mrs. Geo. Kearsing, Goldbeater, 88 Reed street.
Mr. Daniel D. Smith, Bookseller, 190 Greenwich-street.
Miss Elizabeth Weed, 402 Grand street. [Jan. 16 tf.]

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from New York on the 30th, from Liverpool on the 15th of each month, commencing on the 30th October.

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
New Ship Garrick—30th October.	Ship Garrick—15th December.
Ship Shakspeare—30th November.	Ship Shakspeare—15th January.
New Ship Siddons—30th December.	Ship Siddons—15th February.
New Ship Sheridan—30th January.	Ship Sheridan—15th March.

These ships are of the first class, upwards of 800 tons burthen, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as to combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers. Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is $150, for which ample stores, including wines, &c. will be provided. These ships will be commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction. Neither the captains nor the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage apply to

[Sept. 17—1y.] E. K. COLLINS, 74 South street, New York, or to WM. & JAS. BROWN & Co., Liverpool.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Ships.	Captains.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
North America,	C. Dixey,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1,	Feb. 16, June 16, Oct. 16,
Roscoe,	J. C. Delano,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
Europe,	A. C. Marshall,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1,
Sheffield,	F. P. Allen,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
Columbus,	N. B. Palmer,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
Geo. Washington	H. Holdrege,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
Hibernia,	J. L. Wilson,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,
United States,	N. H. Holdrege,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
South America,	R. Waterman,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
Pennsylvania,	J. P. Smith,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
England,	B. L. Waite,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1,
St. Andrew,	Thompson,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,
Orpheus,	I. Bursley,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16,
Independence,	E. Nye,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24,
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1,
Virginian,	I. Harris,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8,

These ships are all of the first class, commanded by men of character and experience, and care will be taken that the beds, bedding, and stores, shall be of the best kind. The rate of passage outward is fixed, by an understanding with the proprietors of the other lines, at $140, including wines and stores.

Neither the captains nor owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

Consignees of ships Caledonia, Hibernia, Columbus, Europe, South America, England, Orpheus, North America, BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool, GOODHUE & Co. or C. H. MARSHALL, N.Y.

Consignees of ships Sheffield, United States, St. Andrew, and Virginian, S. WHITNEY—SANDS, TURNER, FOX & Co., and R. KERMIT, N.Y. SANDS, HODGSON, TURNER & Co., Liverpool.

Consignees of ships Pennsylvania, Roscoe, Geo. Washington, and Independence, GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., N.Y. CEARNS, CRARY & Co., Liverpool

NEW YORK AND HAVRE PACKETS.

From New York on the 8th, 16th, and 24th of each month. From Havre on the 1st, 8th, and 16th of every month. Having made a new arrangement for the sailing of these packets, the subscribers will despatch them as above, and in the following order, viz.

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New-York.	Days of Sailing from Havre.
Burgundy,	J. Rockett,	Jan. 8, Sept. 16, May 24,	Feb. 16, July 8, Nov 1,
Rhone,	W. Skiddy,	" 16, " 24, June 8,	March 1, " 16, " 8,
Charlemagne,	Richardson,	" 24, Oct. 8, " 16,	" 8, Aug. 1, " 16,
Ville de Lyon,	C. Stoddard,	Feb. 8, " 16, " 24,	" 16, " 8, Dec. 1,
Francois 1st,	W. W. Pell.	" 16, " 24, July 8,	April 1, " 16, " 8,
Formosa,	W. B. Orne,	" 24, Nov. 8, " 16,	" 8, Sept. 1, " 16,
Silvie De Grasse,	Weiderholdt	March 8, " 16, " 24,	" 16, " 8, Jan 1,
Poland,	Anthony,	April 16, " 24, Aug. 8,	June 1, " 16, " 8,
Albany,	J. Johnston,	" 24, Dec. 8, Aug. 16,	" 8, Oct. 1, " 16,
Louis Philippe,	J. Castoff,	May 8, " 16, " 24,	" 16, " 8, Feb 1,
Sully,	D. Lines,	" 16, " 24, May 16,	July 1, " 16, " 8,

These are all vessels of the first class and ably commanded, with elegant accommodations for passengers, comprising all that may be required for comfort and convenience, including wines and stores of every description. Goods sent to either of the subscribers in New York, will be forwarded by their packets, free of all charges except the expenses actually incurred.

C. BOLTON, FOX & LIVINGSTON, 22 Broad-st
WM. WHITLOCK, Jr. 46 South-st.
JOHN I. BOYD, Broker, 9 Tontine Buildings.